

**FOR MATURE READERS**  
*image*  
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CANADA

YA KNOW CHARLEY, YAP...  
YAS YAS YAS YAS YAS YAS YAS YAS YAS YAS TM

**YAP YAP KNOW CHARLEY, YAP...  
YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP  
YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP  
YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP  
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YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP  
YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP  
YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP YAP**

SHUT UP IRA.

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# **image**® COMICS PRESENTS:

FRIENDS OF

**MAXX**™

FEATURING

**BROADMINDED**

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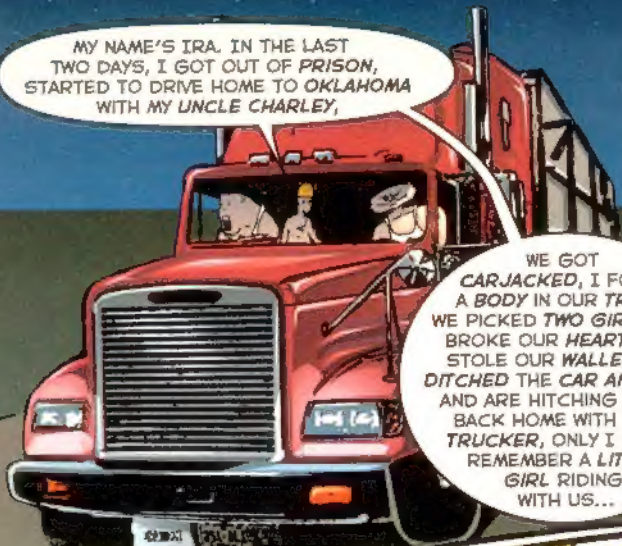
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PRINTED IN CANADA.





MY NAME'S IRA. IN THE LAST TWO DAYS, I GOT OUT OF PRISON, STARTED TO DRIVE HOME TO OKLAHOMA WITH MY UNCLE CHARLEY,

WE GOT CARJACKED, I FOUND A BODY IN OUR TRUNK, WE PICKED TWO GIRLS WHO BROKE OUR HEARTS AND STOLE OUR WALLETS, WE DITCHED THE CAR AND BODY, AND ARE HITCHING A RIDE BACK HOME WITH THIS TRUCKER, ONLY I DON'T REMEMBER A LITTLE GIRL RIDING WITH US...

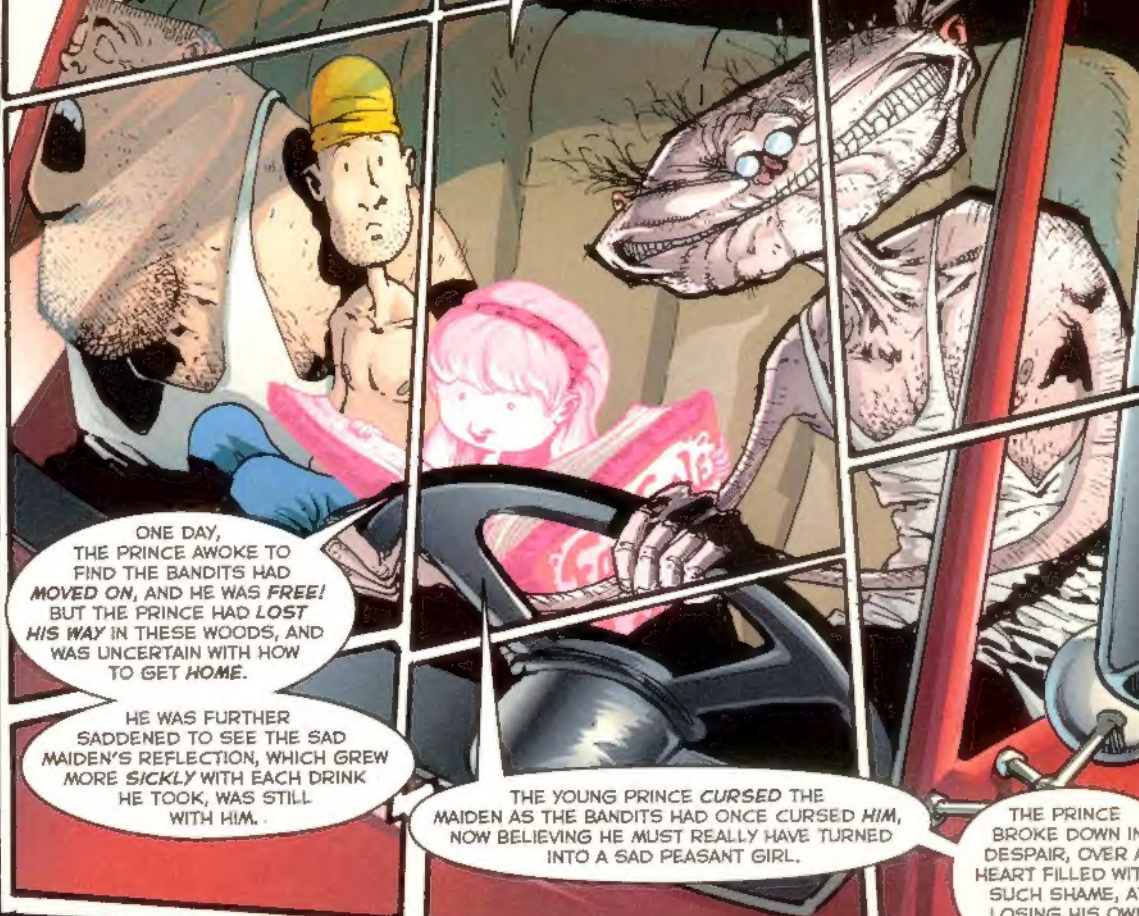


HEY, WAKE UP. WANNA HEAR A STORY?

OKAY.

SURE. OK. ONCE, A YOUNG PRINCE WAS TRAVELING THROUGH THE WOODS WHEN HE WAS CAPTURED BY BANDITS! THEY TIED THE PRINCE TO THEIR HORSES, AND MADE HIM WALK ALONG BEHIND THEM AS THEY RODE, SHOUTING CRUELITIES AND INSULTS AT HIM. THEY CALLED HIM A LOWLY PEASANT GIRL, AND WHEN THE PRINCE WAS TO KNEEL DOWN TO DRINK FROM A NEARBY POND, BETWEEN THEIR CRUELITIES, HE INDEED SAW, NOT HIS REFLECTION...

BUT THE REFLECTION OF A SAD AND SICKLY PEASANT GIRL STARING BACK. THE PRINCE THOUGHT HIMSELF GOING MAD, BUT EACH TIME HE STOPPED TO DRINK, THE SAD GIRL'S REFLECTION STARED BACK. THE PRINCE GREW TO HATE THE IMAGE, HIS HEART TURNING COLD AND BITTER!




ONE DAY, THE PRINCE AWOKO TO FIND THE BANDITS HAD MOVED ON, AND HE WAS FREE! BUT THE PRINCE HAD LOST HIS WAY IN THESE WOODS, AND WAS UNCERTAIN WITH HOW TO GET HOME.

HE WAS FURTHER SADDENED TO SEE THE SAD MAIDEN'S REFLECTION, WHICH GREW MORE SICKLY WITH EACH DRINK HE TOOK, WAS STILL WITH HIM.

THE YOUNG PRINCE CURSED THE MAIDEN AS THE BANDITS HAD ONCE CURSED HIM, NOW BELIEVING HE MUST REALLY HAVE TURNED INTO A SAD PEASANT GIRL.

THE PRINCE BROKE DOWN IN DESPAIR, OVER A HEART FILLED WITH SUCH SHAME, AT LOSING HIS OWN REFLECTION.



WOW. WHAT'D HE DO?

LET'S SEE...

SUDDENLY, THE PRINCE HEARD A STRANGE SNORTING SOUND. HE WALKED OVER TO A DEEP PIT AND FOUND A WILD BOAR IN THE BOTTOM.

THE BOAR WAS A MAGICAL BOAR AND SAID IF THE PRINCE WOULD FASHION A ROPE FROM SOME VINES AND PULL HIM OUT, HE WOULD GRANT THE PRINCE A WISH!



ALTHOUGH IT PUZZLED THE PRINCE WHY A MAGIC BOAR WOULD NEED ANYONE'S HELP, THE PRINCE AGREED, AND PULLED THE BOAR OUT.

THE MAGIC BOAR THEN ASKED WHAT THE PRINCE WISHED FOR, AND THE PRINCE TOLD HIS TALE OF WOE; OF THE BANDIT, OF BEING LOST, AND LOSING HIS REFLECTION. "CAN YOU HELP ME?" THE PRINCE ASKED.

THE BOAR LAUGHED, SAYING HOW LUCKY THE PRINCE WAS! "LUCKY" REPLIED THE PUZZLED PRINCE? "YES" SAID THE BOAR. "EVERY MAN HAS A MAIDEN IN HIS REFLECTION, ONLY MOST CANNOT SEE HER. YOUR MAIDEN HAS ALLOWED YOU TO SEE HER, BUT SHE IS SICK.

TO HEAL HER, YOU MUST KNEEL DOWN AND KISS THE MAIDEN'S REFLECTION. THE RIPPLES WILL DISSOLVE, TURNING THE SAD MAIDEN INTO A PEACEFUL PRINCESS! AND WHENEVER YOU FIND YOURSELF LOST, SHE WILL GUIDE YOU HOME.



SO WHAT HAPPENED?

I DON'T KNOW...  
...THE STORY'S NOT OVER YET...

HUH?!  
WHERE'S THE LITTLE GIRL?

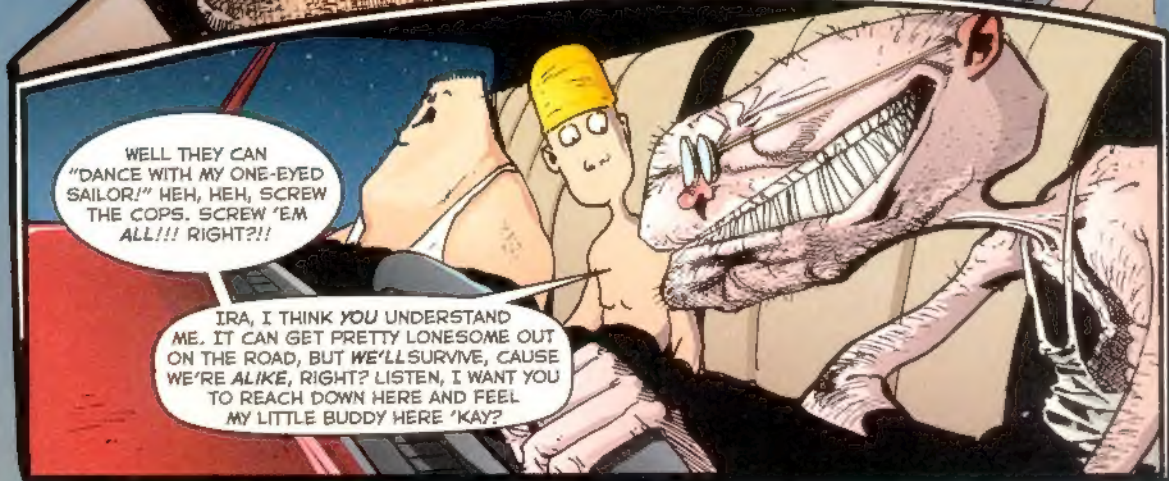
LITTLE GIRL?

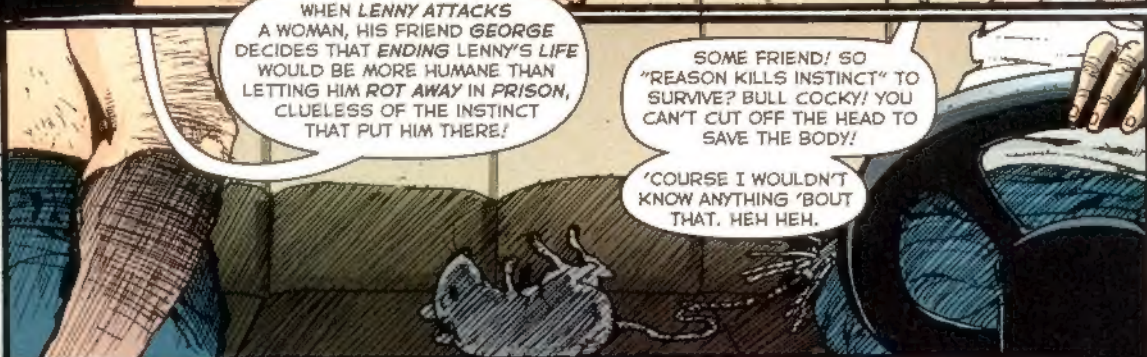
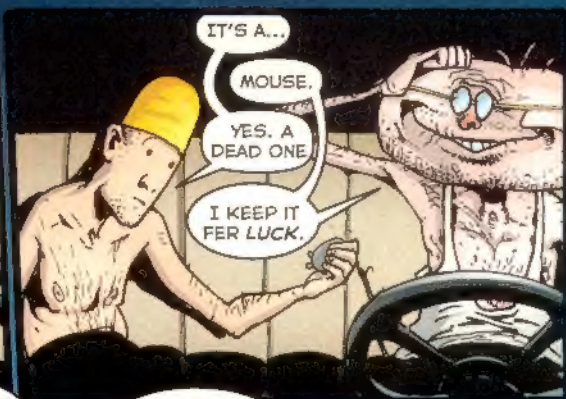
YEAH.  
JUST HAD A WEIRD DREAM.

WHAT WAS IT ABOUT?



FOUND SOME BODY'S AROUND TOWN, AND THE HEADS TURNED UP IN MY BACKYARD. I TOLD THEM I DON'T KNOW HOW. MUST'VE BEEN 5 OR 6 THEY DUG UP. AND OF COURSE I GET THE BLAME. **MERLE FOLDGER: SERIAL KILLER!** GIVE ME A BREAK!!! NOBODY UNDERSTANDS ME.









IRA, WHERE'S  
THE OLD GUY?

WHAT  
OLD GUY?

THE DRIVER  
OF THE  
%@-\$\$\*X@%!  
TRUCK,  
THAT GUY!

OH, I GUESS... I ..  
...KICKED 'IM OUT.

IRA, AN  
OLD MAN'S NOT  
A TAPE DECK, YOU  
CAN'T JUST THROW  
OUT EVERYTHING  
THAT @\*%6@\*%  
PISSES YOU  
OFF!!!

YOU WANT  
ME TO GO  
BACK?

F@\*K NO!!  
IF THE ALMIGHTY  
WANTED HIM TO  
BE WITH US, HE  
WOULD'VE WOKE  
ME UP EARLIER.

SO IT'S  
"GOD'S WILL" I KICKED  
HIM OUT.

DON'T MOCK  
THE LORD, KID,  
THERE'S A TOWN UP  
THERE, LET'S STOP  
AND FIGURE  
SOMETHIN' OUT.



MAN CHARLEY,  
WHAT ARE ALL  
THESE COPS  
DOING HERE?

RELAX KID,  
THE *BODYS* IN  
THE CAR, AND THE  
CARS WERE "STOLEN"  
AND ARE AT THE  
BOTTOM OF A  
LAKE, RIGHT?

YOU DID  
MAKE SURE  
IT SUNK,  
RIGHT?

YEAH...  
UH...LISTEN...

I FEEL BAD ABOUT  
THE TRUCKER. MAYBE IF WE *EXPLAIN*  
TO THESE OFFICERS-

HOW YOU  
KICKED AN OLD MAN  
FROM HIS OWN TRUCK,  
STOLE HIS RIG, THEN  
DITCHED HIM?

OH, YEAH, I  
KINDA SEE...

I THOUGHT  
YOU MIGHT...

HEY FELLAS,  
WHAT'S UP?

SOME BIG RAP CONCERT -  
"SNOOP DOGGIE POOP."

YOU DON'T  
EXPECT GANGS,  
DO YOU?

NEVER KNOW.

ICE-DOGGIE-POOP!

TYPICAL REDNECK COPS OVER-  
REACTING! THEY JUST ASSUME-

BE A MAN,  
DON'T JUST  
WHISPER IT  
TO ME, LET'S  
TEST SOME OF  
THAT BROAD-  
MINDED  
LIBERAL  
BALONEY  
OF YOURS!

OFFICER, MY BUDDY HERE TELLS  
ME ALL YOU COPS ARE "A BUNCH OF  
RED NECK PUSSIES WHO HIDE BEHIND  
THEIR BADGES SO THEY CAN BULLY  
POOR INNOCENT STREET GANGS.  
YOU DON'T STOP GANGS, YO-

WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING?  
NEVER SAID..



DAMMIT CHARLEY,  
YOUR MOUTH WILL  
GET US KILLED ONE  
OF THESE DAYS..

HEY, MY MOUTH,  
YOUR WORDS, DON'T BLAME  
ME CAUSE THEY SOUND JOGLIER  
COMIN' OUTTA ME THAN YOU..

HELLO  
BOYS. BACK  
HERE, BEHIND  
YOU

IT'S  
HIM CHARLEY,  
THE MOTORCYCLE  
GUY

THAT'S RIGHT. "THE  
MOTORCYCLE GUY."

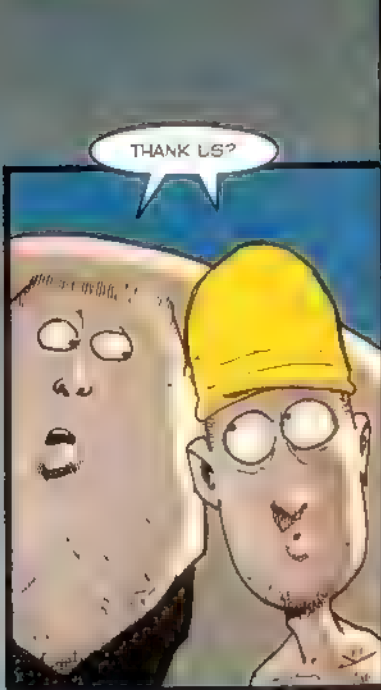
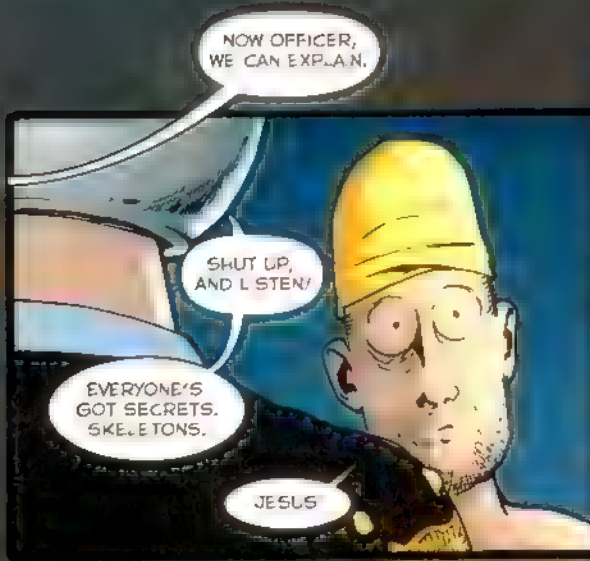
HEY, GLAD TO SEE YOU'VE  
RECOVERED. OUR CAR  
WAS STOLEN AFTER  
YOU STOPPED US, SO  
I'VE TAKEN TO  
DRIVING THAT RIG  
OVER THERE...

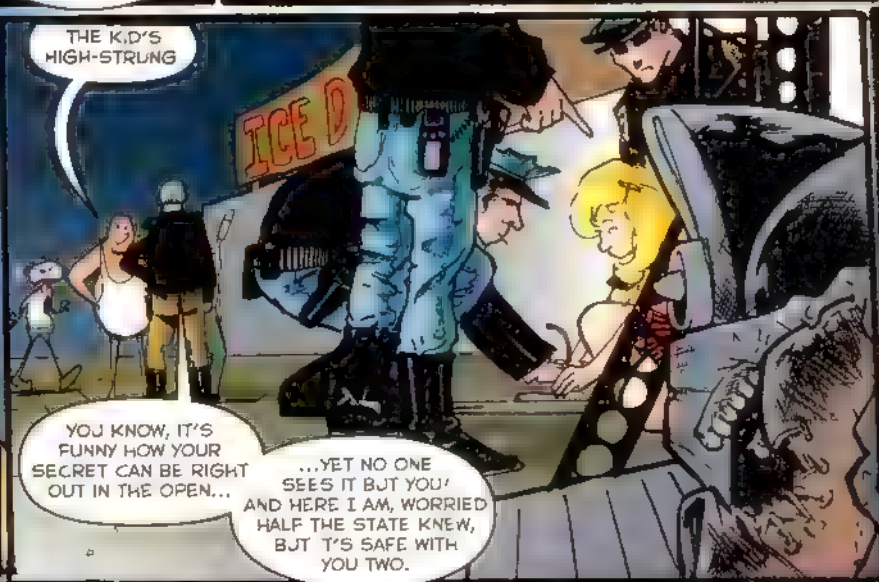
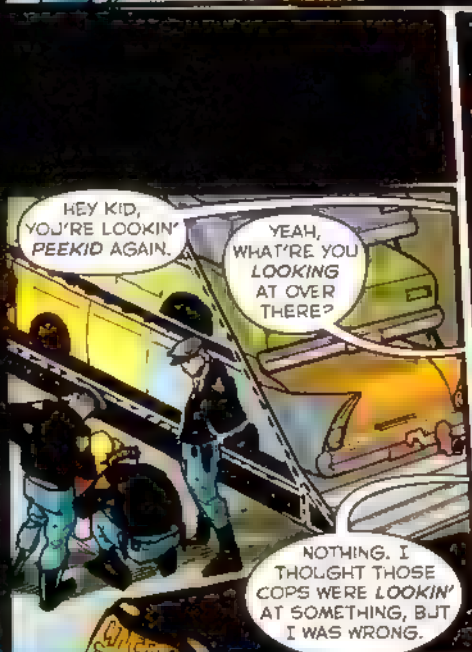
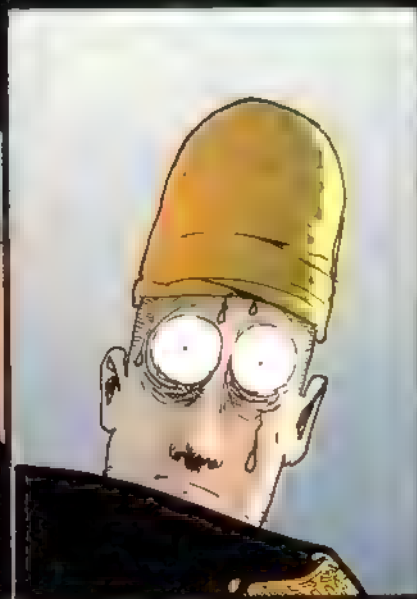
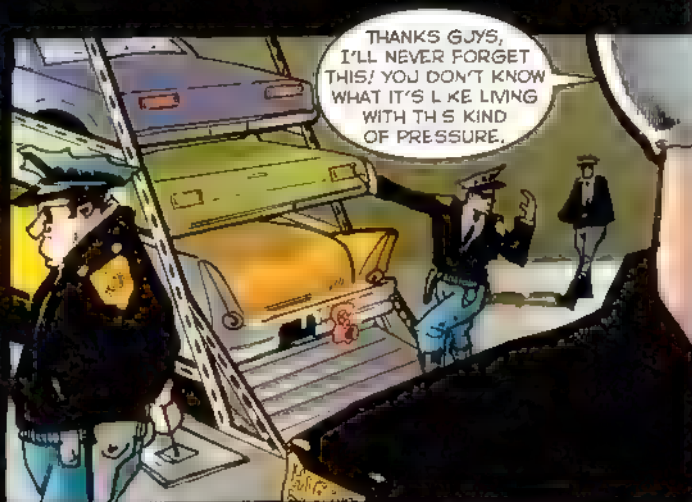
THAT'S ENOUGH,  
SMART ASS.

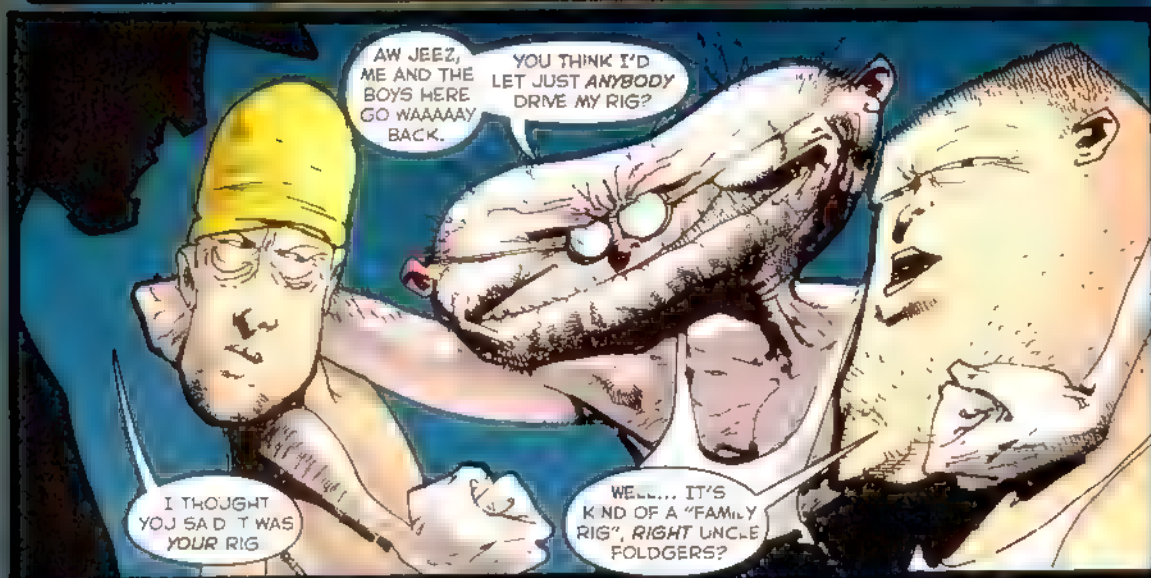
COME HERE,  
WE GOTTA TALK

CHARLEY...

SHUT UP,  
KID...









GET IN-  
YOU BOYS ARE LUCKY  
I DON'T TURN YOUR SORRY  
BUTTS OVER TO THOSE  
PIGS RIGHT NOW.

SORRY  
UNCLE FOLDGER

SHUT UP!  
I AIN'T YER  
@#%\*^&\*  
UNCLE!



CHARLEY, QUICK  
WHILE HE'S OUTSIDE,  
TH'S GUY'S TOWING  
OLR OLD CAR!

BUT YOU SAID  
YOU DJMPED-

WELL, I  
GUESS SOMEBODY  
FOUND IT AND GAVE  
IT TO THIS BOZO!

CHARLEY, THIS GUY  
IS NUTS, YOU SHOULD  
HEAR WHAT HE TO.D ME  
WHEN YOU-

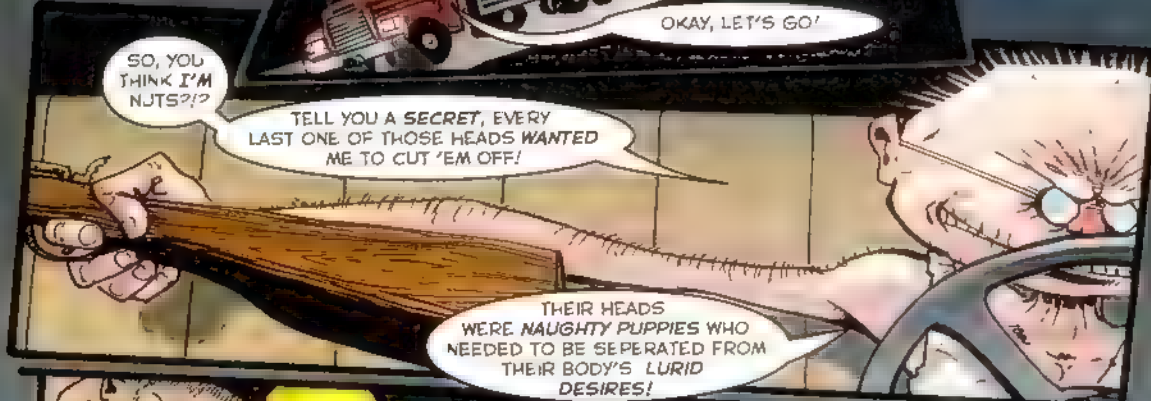
SHHH- HERE  
HE COMES.

YOU BOYS  
GOTTA LEARN TO ROLL  
JP YER WINDOWS.

DAWN.



OKAY, LET'S GO!



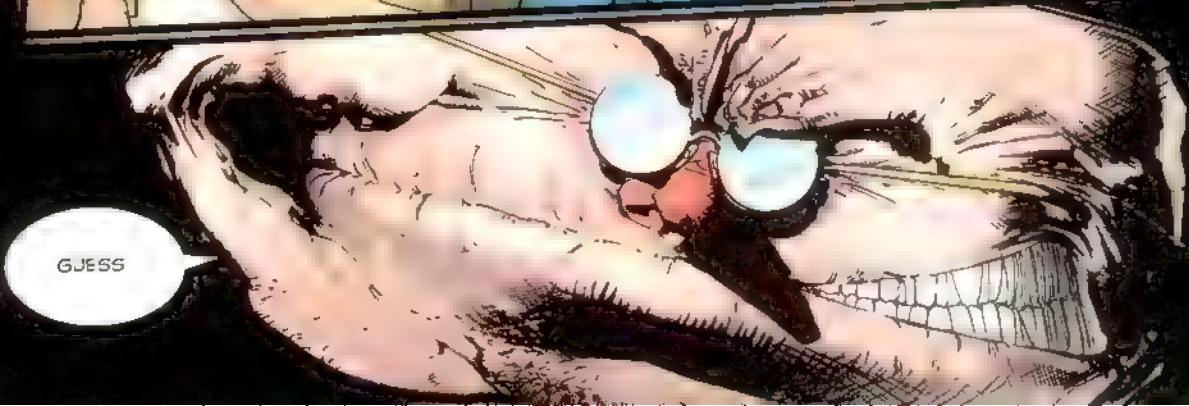
SO, YOU  
THINK I'M  
NUTS?!

TELL YOU A SECRET, EVERY  
LAST ONE OF THOSE HEADS WANTED  
ME TO CUT 'EM OFF!

THEIR HEADS  
WERE NAUGHTY PUPPIES WHO  
NEEDED TO BE SEPERATED FROM  
THEIR BODY'S LURID  
DESIRES!



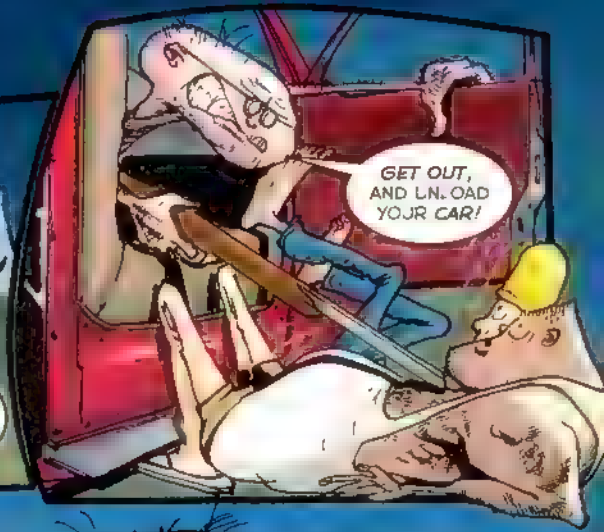
YOU DON'T  
CONSIDER OUR HEADS  
NAUGHTY PUPPIES,  
DO YOU?



GUESS



OKAY THIS IS FAR ENOUGH!



GET OUT, AND UNLOAD YOUR CAR!

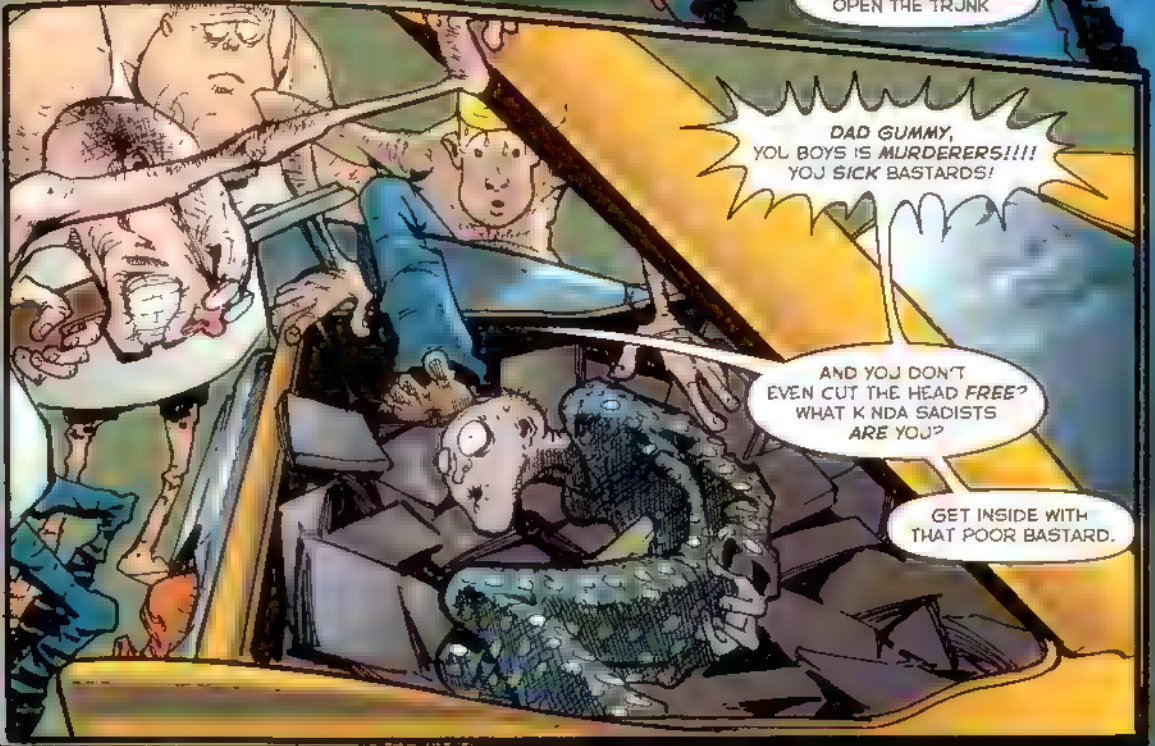


THAT'S T LET'S SEE WHAT'S GOT YOU SO RATTLED ABOUT THIS CAR.

WHERE ARE THE KEYS?

WE THREW 'EM OUT

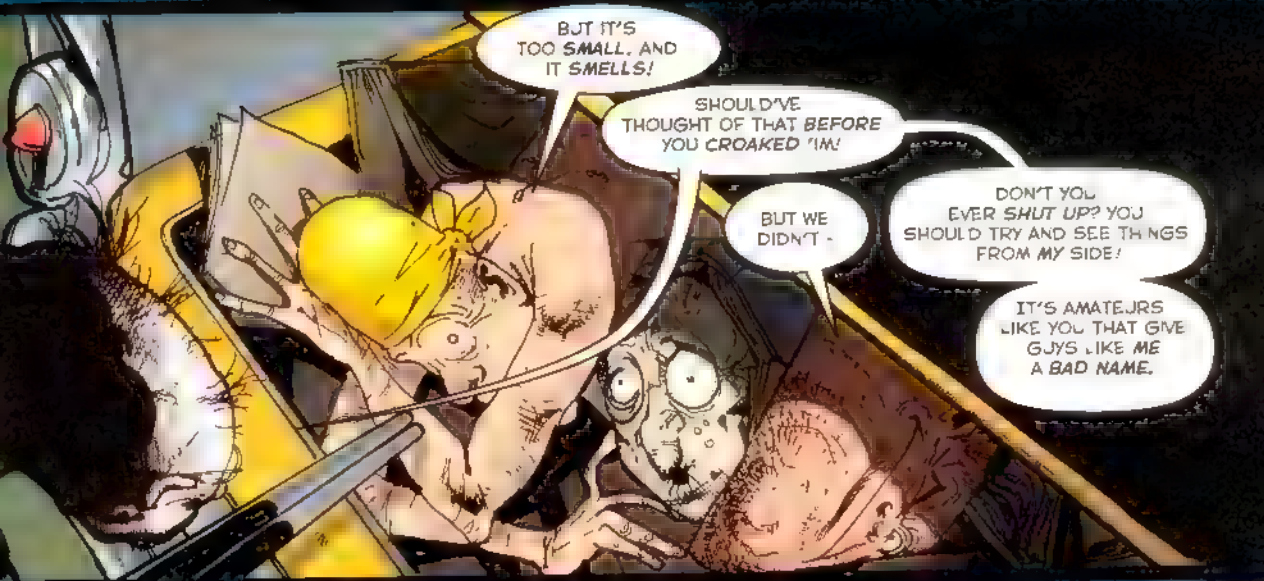
OKAY, I'LL JUST OPEN THE TRUNK



DAD GUMMY, YOL BOYS IS MURDERERS!!!! YOU SICK BASTARDS!

AND YOU DON'T EVEN CUT THE HEAD FREE? WHAT K NDA SADISTS ARE YOU?

GET INSIDE WITH THAT POOR BASTARD.



BUT IT'S  
TOO SMALL, AND  
IT SMELLS!

SHOULD'VE  
THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE  
YOU CROAKED 'IM!

BUT WE  
DIDN'T -

DON'T YOU  
EVER SHUT UP? YOU  
SHOULD TRY AND SEE THNGS  
FROM MY SIDE!

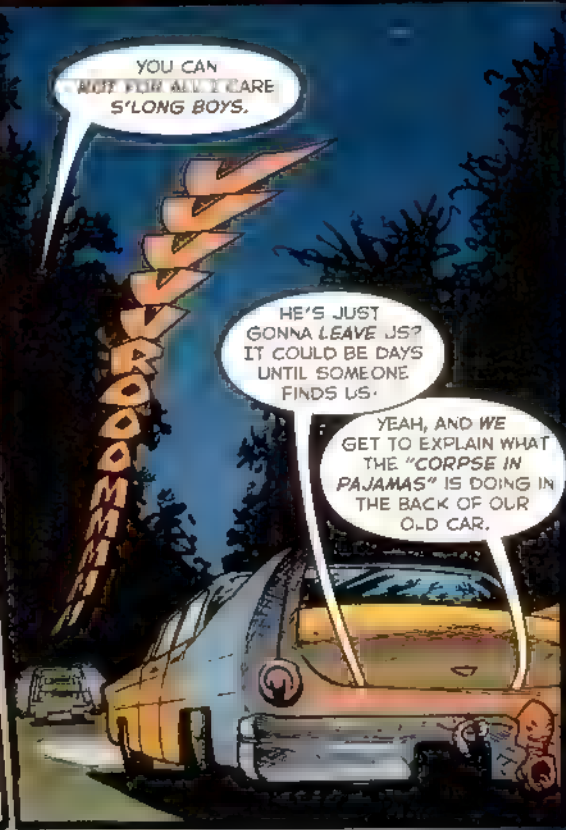
IT'S AMATEJRS  
LIKE YOU THAT GIVE  
GJYS LIKE ME  
A BAD NAME.



AT LEAST I  
BUDY MY BODIES  
AFTERWARDS.

I CARE.

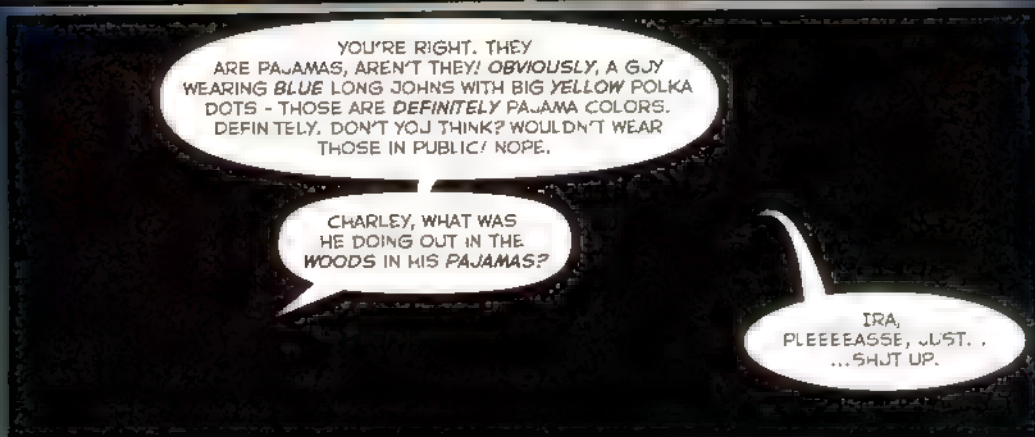
NOBODY  
UNDERSTANDS ME



YOU CAN  
NOT FOR ALL I CARE  
S'LONG BOYS.

HE'S JUST  
GONNA LEAVE US?  
IT COULD BE DAYS  
UNTIL SOMEONE  
FINDS US.

YEAH, AND WE  
GET TO EXPLAIN WHAT  
THE "CORPSE IN  
PAJAMAS" IS DOING IN  
THE BACK OF OUR  
OLD CAR.



YOU'RE RIGHT. THEY  
ARE PAJAMAS, AREN'T THEY! OBVIOUSLY, A GUY  
WEARING BLUE LONG JOHNS WITH BIG YELLOW POLKA  
DOTS - THOSE ARE DEFINITELY PAJAMA COLORS.  
DEFINTELY. DON'T YOU THINK? WOULDN'T WEAR  
THOSE IN PUBLIC/ NOPE.

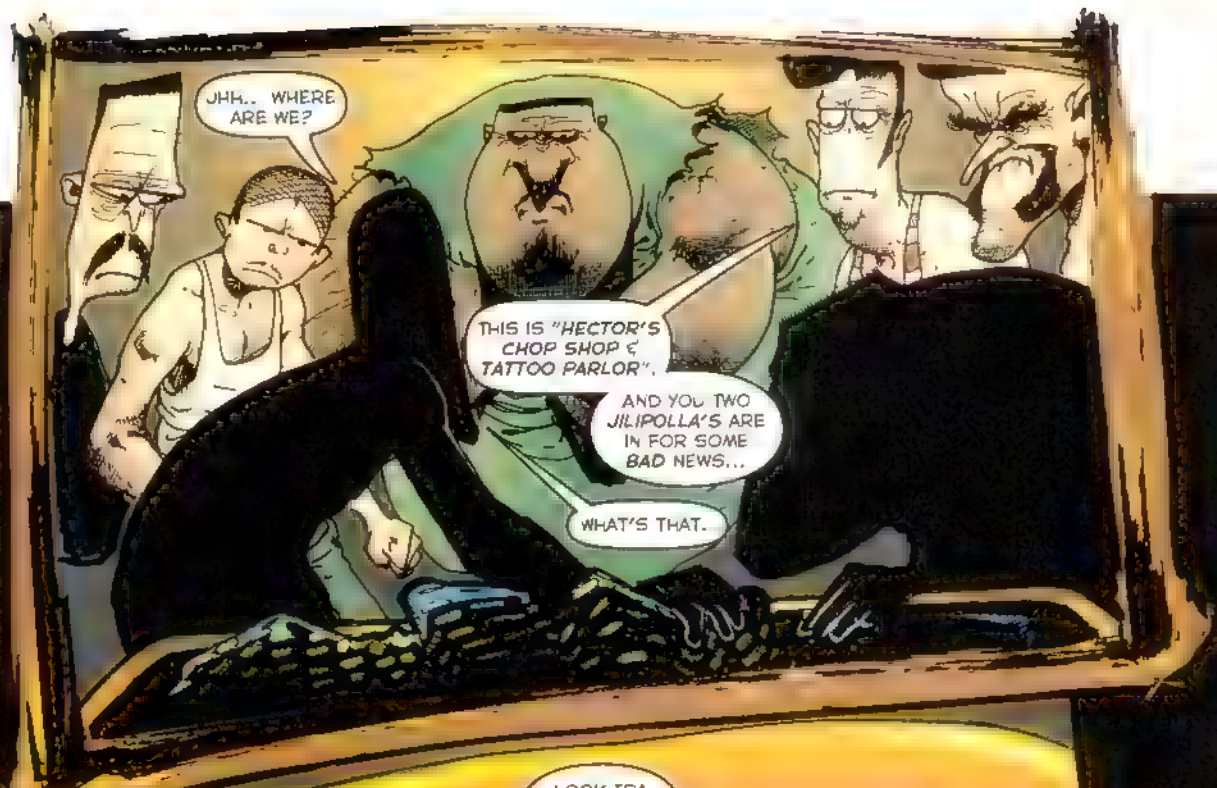
CHARLEY, WHAT WAS  
HE DOING OUT IN THE  
WOODS IN HIS PAJAMAS?

IRA,  
PLEEEEEEASE, JUST. .  
...SHUT UP.

Broadminded  
could get you killed.

14 HOURS LATER,





JHH... WHERE ARE WE?

THIS IS "HECTOR'S CHOP SHOP & TATTOO PARLOR".

AND YOU TWO JILIPOLLA'S ARE IN FOR SOME BAD NEWS...

WHAT'S THAT.



YOUR FRIEND DIDN'T MAKE IT.

LOOK IRA, WE LOST "OLD HENRY", DAMN, GONNA MISS THAT GUY.

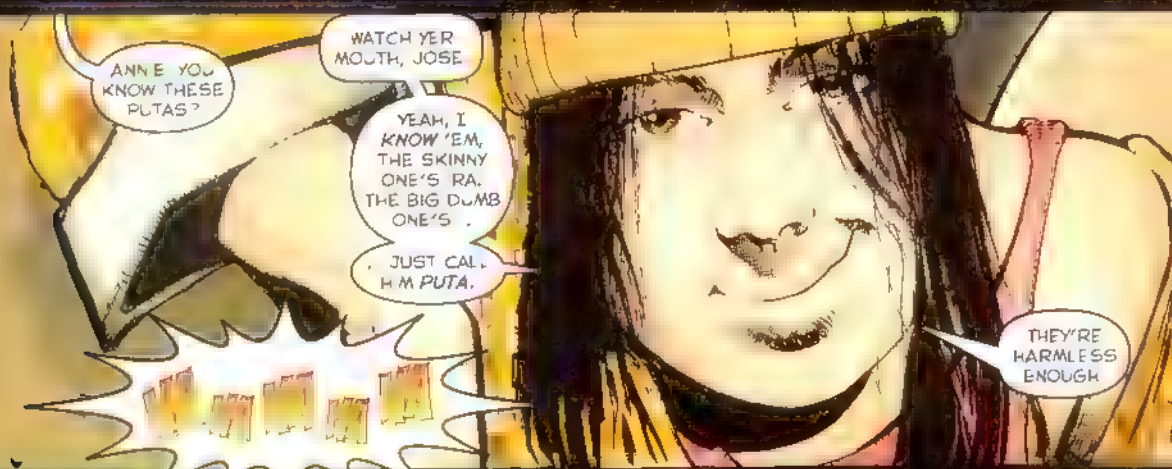


WELL LFE GOES ON SAY WE'RE MIGHTY HUNGRY WHAT WITH BE NG IN THAT TRUNK ALL NIGHT

SAY YOU FELLAS ARE MEXICAN, KNOW OF ANY GOOD GREASER JOINTS TO EAT AT?

'SIGH' GOOD, CHARLEY

OH NO, NOT YOU GUYS AGAIN.



ANNE YOU  
KNOW THESE  
PLTAS?

WATCH YER  
MOUTH, JOSE

YEAH, I  
KNOW 'EM,  
THE SKINNY  
ONE'S RA.  
THE BIG DUMB  
ONE'S .

JUST CAL.  
H M PUTA.

THEY'RE  
HARMLESS  
ENOUGH

WHERE'D YOU  
FIND 'EM?

IN THE  
TRUNK

WHAT'S A  
"PLTA"?

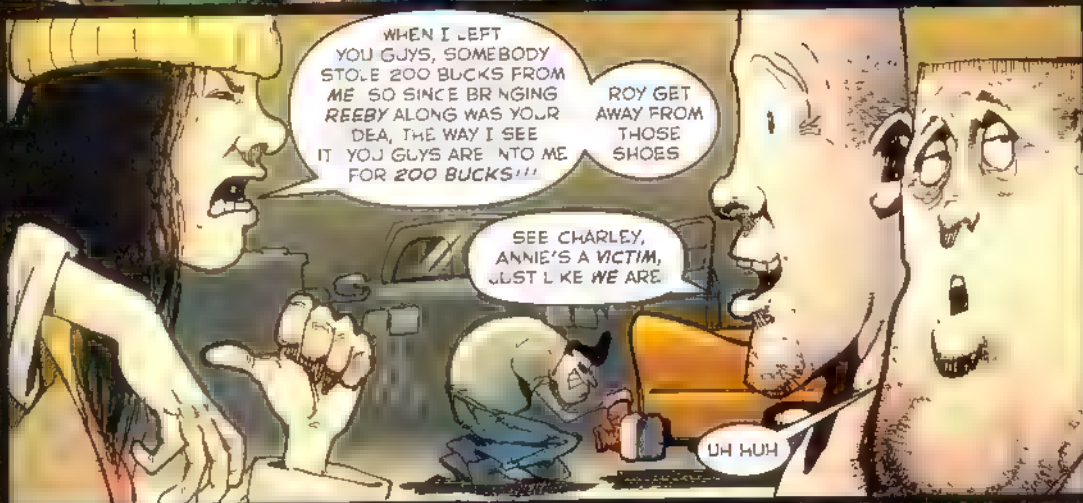
MAN YOU  
#@%\* JUST  
CAN'T STAY OUTTA  
TROUBLE

BOYS, TH S  
IS HECTOR,  
JOSE, ENRIQUE,  
JUL O, . AND  
ROY.

TROUBLE!?  
YOU AND REEBY  
RIPPED US OFF  
AND STOLE  
OUR MONEY

V.I.E STRUMPET!

P PEE DOWN,  
PEE WEE

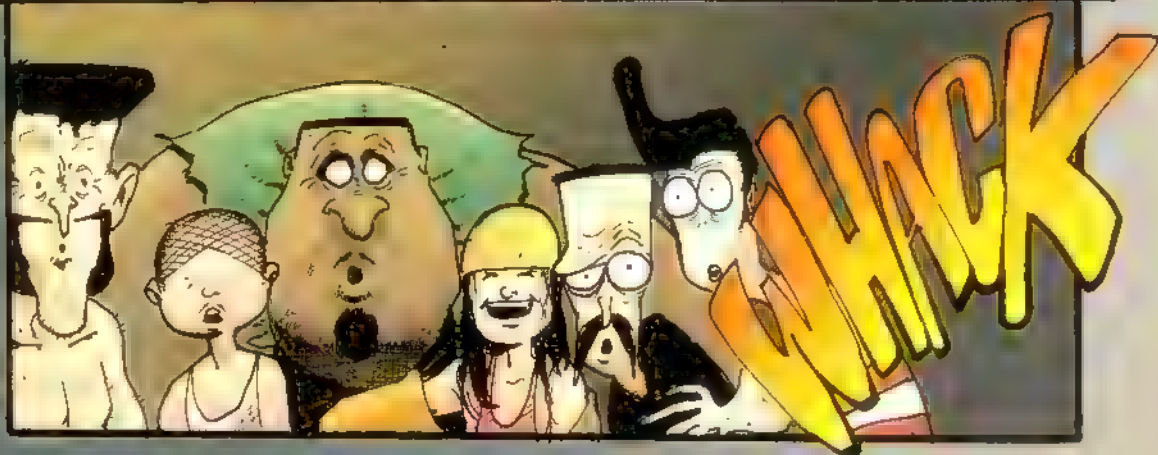
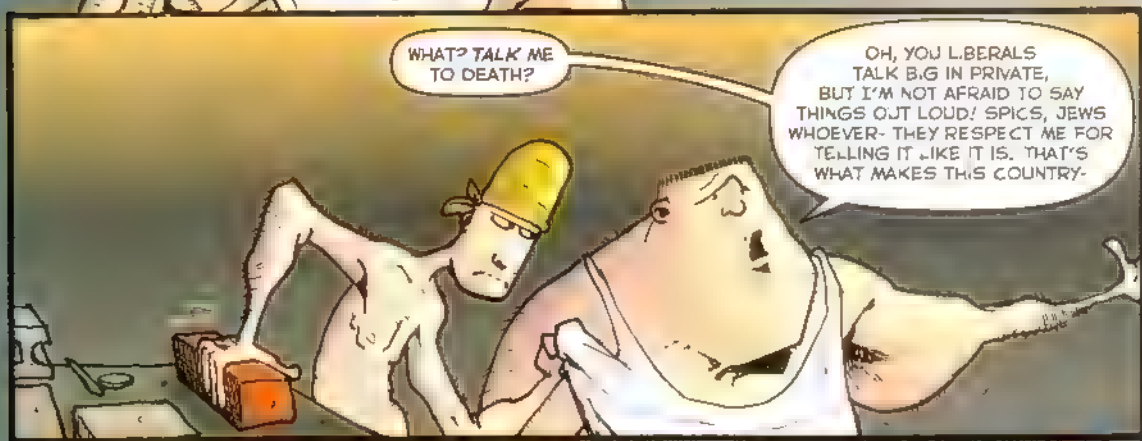


WHEN I LEFT  
YOU GUYS, SOMEBODY  
STOLE 200 BUCKS FROM  
ME SO SINCE BR NGING  
REEBY ALONG WAS YOUR  
DEA, THE WAY I SEE  
IT YOU GUYS ARE NTO ME  
FOR 200 BUCKS!!!

ROY GET  
AWAY FROM  
THOSE  
SHOES

SEE CHARLEY,  
ANNIE'S A VICTIM,  
JUST L KE WE ARE

UH HUH



REMEMBER CHARLEY,  
PEE #3 = PROTECTION! I'VE  
JUST PROTECTED YOU

SORRY, BUT YOU  
WOULD'VE DONE THE SAME  
FOR ME. HECTOR TOLD ME  
YOUR JAW'S NOT BROKEN, BUT YOU  
WON'T BE ABLE TO TALK FOR A DAY  
OR SO, WHICH WILL PROBABLY  
SAVE OUR LIVES!

MJMBBRRR...

SSSHHH.  
THANK ME  
LATER.

GUYS, I'M  
SORRY. WHAT I DID  
TO CHARLEY WAS  
PRIMITIVE.

MACHOTE.

MARICÓN

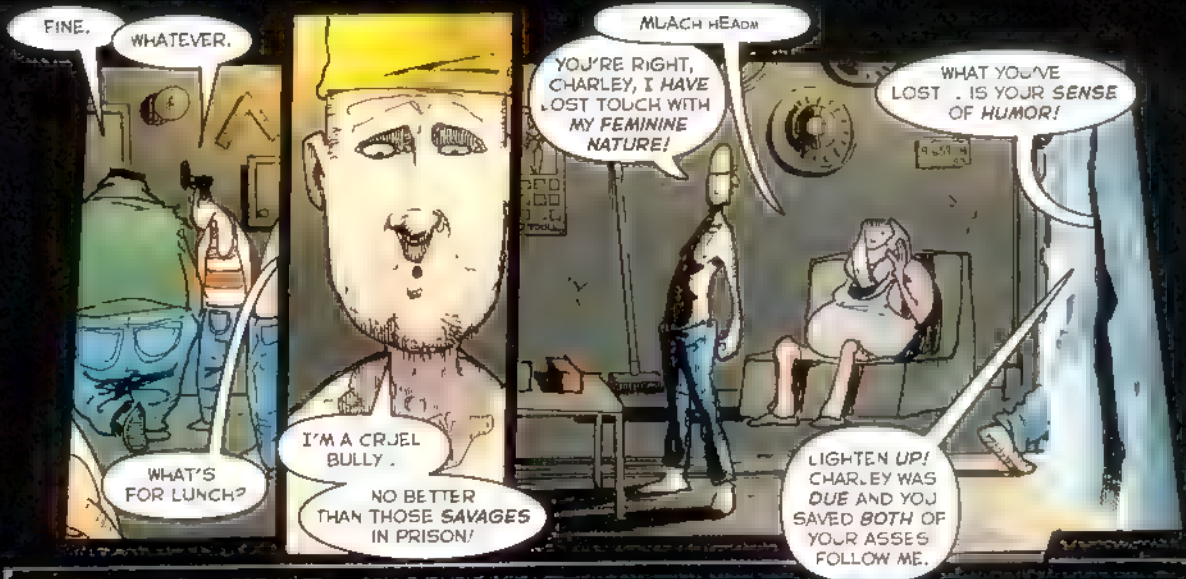
OVER DUE.

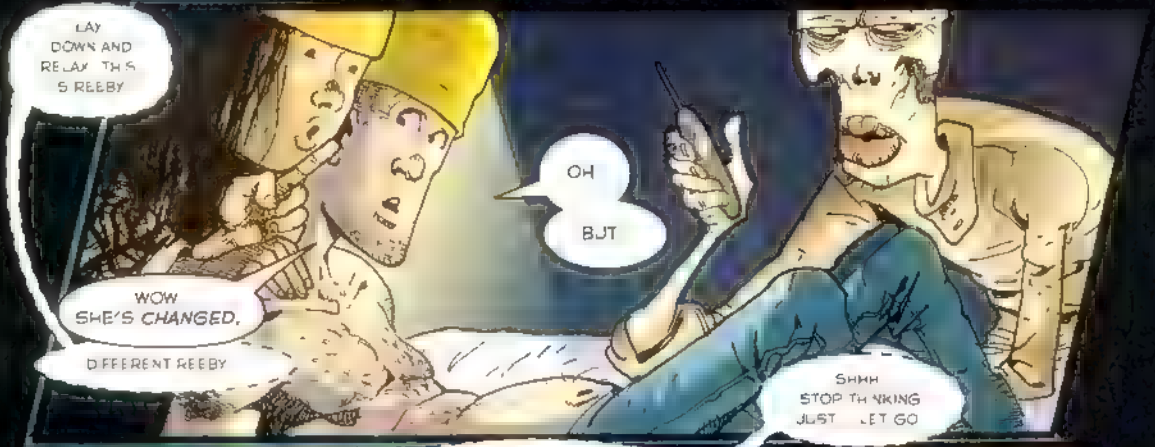
MAYBE IT TAKES  
A MAN IN TOUCH WITH  
HIS FEMININE SIDE TO BEAT  
HIS FRIEND WITH A BRICK!

YES,  
BUT I'VE  
BROKEN MY MORAL  
CODE AGAINST  
VIOLENCE. WHAT  
DOES THIS SAY  
ABOUT ME?

IT SAYS AS  
LONG AS YOU KEEP YOUR  
MOUTH SHUT ABOUT THE  
CHOP SHOP, YOU CAN HANG  
OUT WITH US AT THE B-G  
LOW RIDER CAR SHOW  
TOMORROW..

...WHILE PUTA  
HERE HEALS UP...



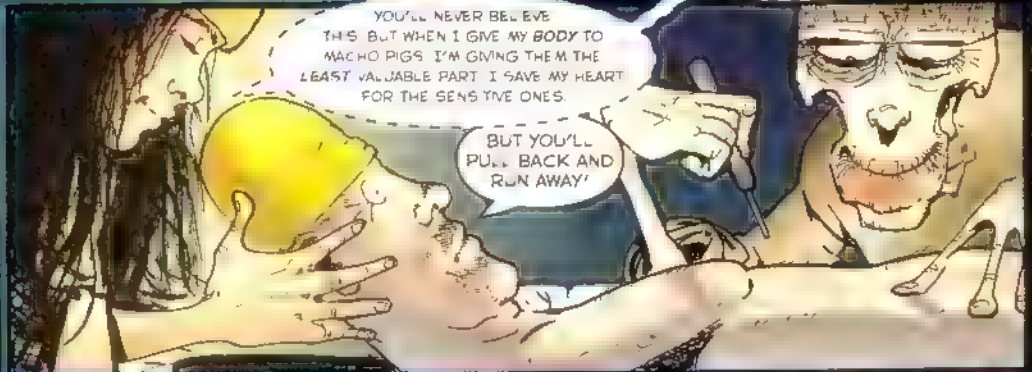


LAY  
DOWN AND  
RELAX THIS  
IS REEBY

OH  
BUT

WOW  
SHE'S CHANGED.  
DIFFERENT REEBY

SHHH  
STOP THINKING  
JUST LET GO



YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE  
THIS BUT WHEN I GIVE MY BODY TO  
MACHO PIGS I'M GIVING THEM THE  
LEAST VALUABLE PART I SAVE MY HEART  
FOR THE SENSITIVE ONES.

BUT YOU'LL  
PULL BACK AND  
RUN AWAY!



IT IS CALLED  
"NOT GETTING HURT"  
YOU SHOULD TRY  
IT SOMETIME

BUT YOU  
BROKE MY HEART

SOMEBODY HAD TO

MAYBE YOU'LL  
BE A LITTLE MORE CAREFUL  
WHO YOU GIVE IT TO.

YOUR  
HEART AND YOUR  
NOODLE!



YOU KNOW  
IRA, YOU'VE  
CROSSED OVER

YOU'RE TOO  
STUPID TO REALIZE WHEN  
A WOMAN'S SHARING THE  
MOST IMPORTANT PART OF  
HERSELF WITH YOU ONLY A  
MALE APE COULD  
MESS THAT

CONGRATS  
KIDDO YOU'RE  
A MAN.

NORTH TEXAS LOW  
RIDER CAR SHOW

I FEEL CLOSE  
TO THESE PEOPLE  
CHARLEY, I KNOW MY  
MOM'S A HALF MEXICAN,  
AND THEY CONSIDER ME A  
"GRINGO", BUT IT FEELS  
LIKE HOME AS MUCH  
AS OKLAHOMA.

ONE OF THE  
GUYS, ROY, SAYS  
HE'S GOING TO DETAIL  
OUR CAR AND ENTER IT  
IN THE CAR SHOW. NOW  
THAT THE BODY'S OUT MAYBE  
HE CAN GET THE SHOE  
AND TEETH OFF HE'S A  
NICE GUY. HE EVEN  
GOT HIS FRIEND TO  
DRIVE US TO  
THE SHOW

I KNOW YOU'RE  
STILL PISSED ABOUT  
THAT WHOLE "BRICK"  
THING. BUT I THINK  
YOU KNOW IT WAS  
FOR THE BEST

BUT MAN SERR.

S'ALRIGHT BIG  
GUY YOU CAN  
THANK ME  
LATER.

HMM...SOME OF  
THESE GUYS LOOK  
PRETTY TOUGH. I HOPE  
A COUPLE OF WHITE  
BOYS LIKE US  
WON'T RUFFLE  
ANY FEATHERS!

MEBHS LGN.

EXACTLY. THEY'RE  
PROBABLY JUST EXCITED  
TO BE HERE-LIKE US

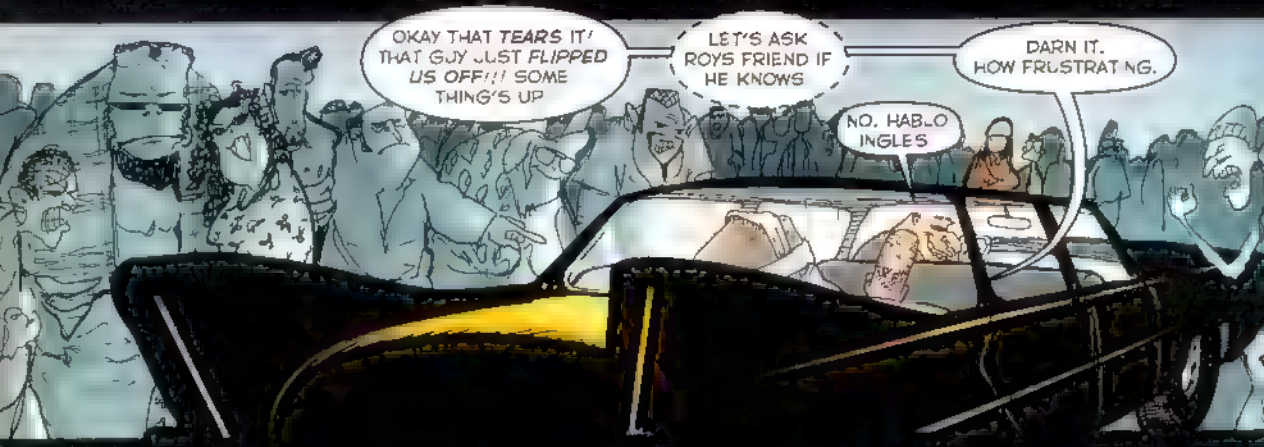
JILLIPOLLA'S!

CHUPA MI VERGA!

IMBECIL!  
@-%#% !!

"MARICON!"

BOY IF I DIDN'T KNOW  
BETTER, I'D SWEAR  
WE'RE PISSING  
EVERYONE OFF!



OKAY THAT TEARS IT!  
THAT GUY JUST FLIPPED  
US OFF!!! SOME  
THING'S UP

LET'S ASK  
ROY'S FRIEND IF  
HE KNOWS

DARN IT.  
HOW FRUSTRATING.

NO. HABLO  
INGLES



MAYBE IT'S  
MY TATTOO OR  
CHARLEY'S  
BANDAGE.

NAW, WHY  
WOULD THAT  
STUFF P S S ANYONE  
OFF? I'M BAFLED!

LOOK- THERE'S  
ANNIE WITH HER NEW  
BOYFRIEND "CHATO"

IRA! THAT GOOBER!!!

HE TOOK HIS  
SCARF OFF HIS  
HEAD!

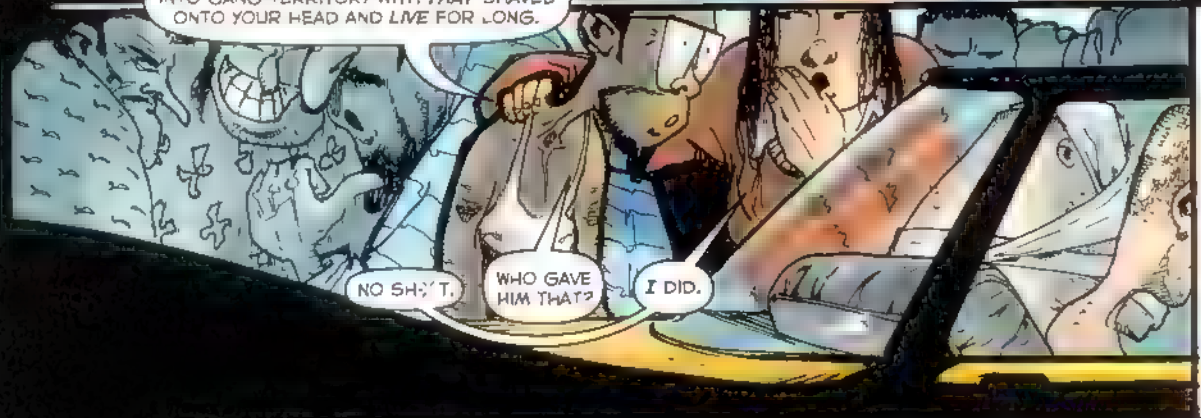
WHO'S IRA?

EX-BOYFRIEND.

EX?

YEAH, BUT CHECK OUT  
WHAT'S SHAVED ON  
HIS HEAD.

ANNE, HE'S DISSIN'  
LOS CANICHES! YOU DON'T DRIVE  
INTO GANG TERRITORY WITH THAT SHAVED  
ONTO YOUR HEAD AND LIVE FOR LONG.



NO SHIT.

WHO GAVE  
HIM THAT?

I DID.

RE.MIND ME  
NEVER TO BREAK-  
UP WITH YOU THEN

I DIDN'T DO IT TO "SET  
HIM UP". I FORGOT ALL ABOUT  
IT. BESIDES, I NEVER THOUGHT HE'D  
DITCH HIS SCARF IN THE MIDDLE OF A CAR-  
SHOW FULL OF LOS CAN CHES'  
TOUGHEST MEMBERS SMILING  
LIKE AN IDIOT.

WHAT DO  
YOU CARE, HE'S  
YOUR "EX" RIGHT?  
YOU'RE CHATO'S  
NOW, RIGHT?

AS LONG AS YOU  
KEEP THAT '54  
THUNDERBIRD, I AM.

I MEAN  
OF COURSE  
SWEETIE.

CRASH!

MAN, I  
DOUBT HE'LL  
LAST PAST THE  
NEXT HOUR, WITH  
THIS CROWD

UH.. YEAH.

YOU DO? YOU  
STILL CARE FOR  
HIM, DON'T YOU?

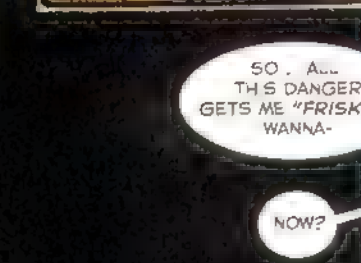
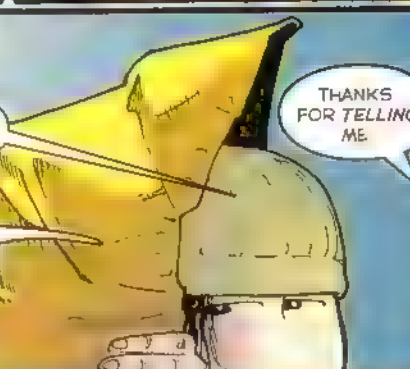
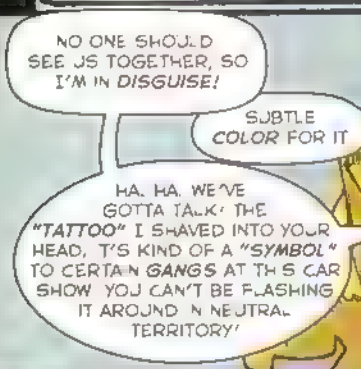
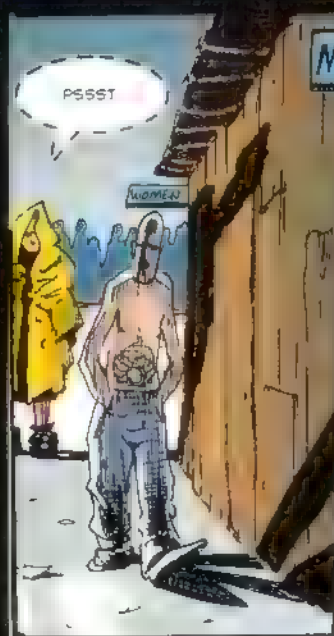
NO I DON'T,  
AND THAT'S THE  
PROBLEM.

HJH?

HEY ROY,  
WHAT'S UP?

GETTING  
IRA'S CAR  
READY FOR  
THE BIG CAR  
CONTEST!

GETTING SHOES WAS EASY,  
BUT GETTING LOTS OF DENTURES  
WAS A BITCH. ALL THOSE OLD FOLKS AT  
THE TRAILER PARK ARE SURE GONNA  
WAKE UP PISSED TO FIND ALL THOSE  
EMPTY GLASSES!



NOT REALLY.  
WE'RE JUST  
"FRIENDS"

NICE CAR HAS HE?

AMAZING.

THOUGHT SO.

AM I BAD?  
COME CRAWL OFF  
YOUR PEDESTAL AND  
WALLOW IN SIN WITH ME,  
YOU KNOW YOU  
WANNA!

DOES CHATO  
KNOW HE'S NOT  
YOUR BOYFRIEND?

DO YOU REALLY  
CARE? I'M WILLING TO  
BET YOU DON'T.

WHAT ABOUT  
CHATO AND YOUR  
SPEECH ABOUT  
SHARING YOUR HEART  
WITH A NICE GUY?

IT'S NOT  
MY FAULT CHATO'S  
HEART WON'T  
KEEP ME WARM  
AT NIGHT!

BESIDES,  
CHATO'S  
ATTENDING  
SOME GANG  
INITIATION  
THING HE'LL  
BE GONE  
FOR HOURS.

INITIATION?

YEAH, HE'S  
SUPPOSED TO  
KILL SOMEONE,  
ONLY HE'S TOO  
WHIPPED TO GO  
THROUGH WITH IT

THAT'S IT!!!

ANNE, I'VE GOTTA  
GO AND SAVE ME AND  
CHARLEY'S BUTT!

WE BOTH COULD'VE HURT  
CHATO, WHICH WOULD'VE BEEN LIKE  
TRAVELING BACK IN TIME AND HURTING  
MYSELF AGAIN, BUT I'M STRONGER  
THAN THAT NOW!

BONK

HEY!

WAIT

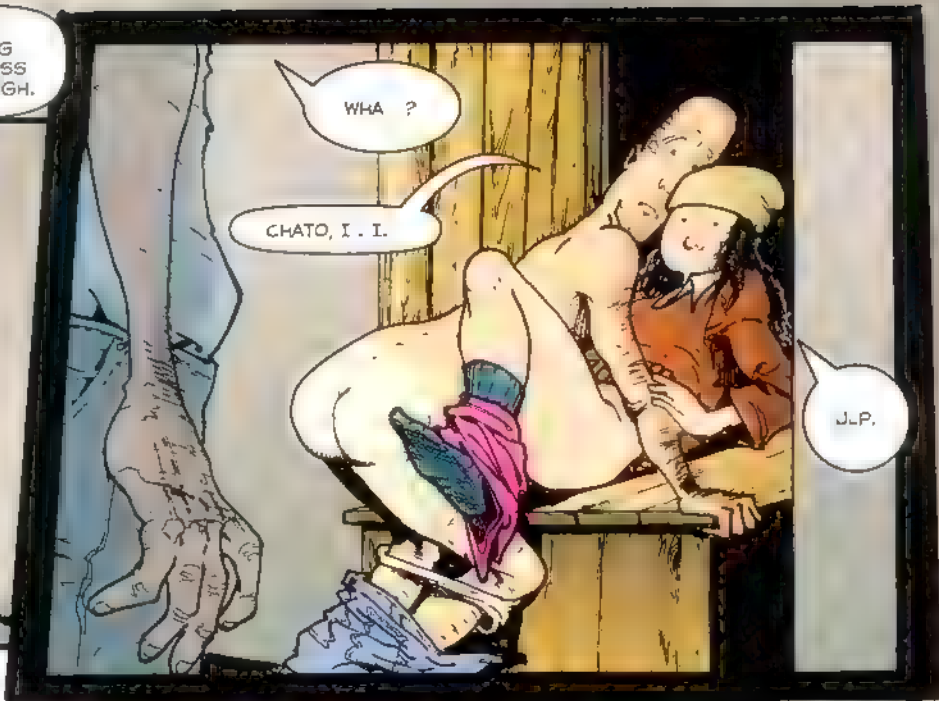
I'M SURPR SED THEY  
CALLED OFF THAT GANG  
MEETING. OH WELL, GLESS  
I'LL GO DROP A LOAD. SIGH.



WHA ?

CHATO, I . I.

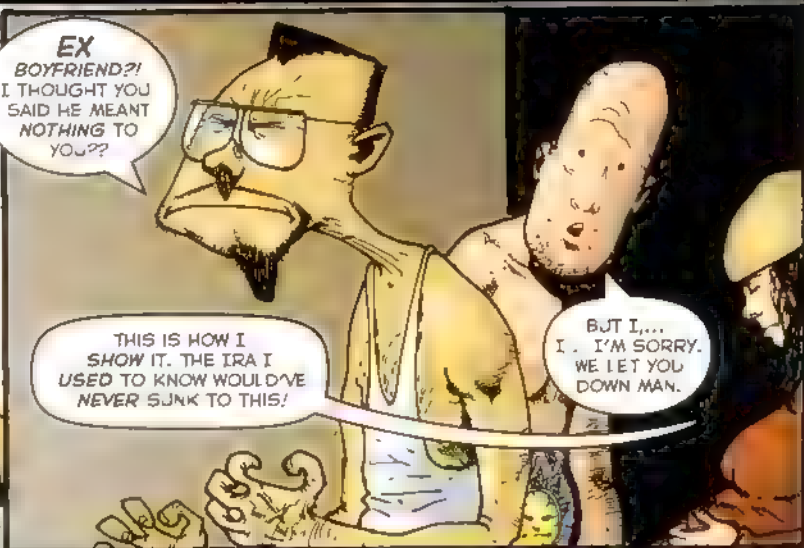
J.L.P.



EX  
BOYFRIEND?!  
I THOUGHT YOU  
SAID HE MEANT  
NOTHING TO  
YOU??

THIS IS HOW I  
SHOW IT. THE IRA I  
USED TO KNOW WOULD'VE  
NEVER SUNK TO THIS!

BUT I,...  
I . I'M SORRY.  
WE LET YOU  
DOWN MAN.



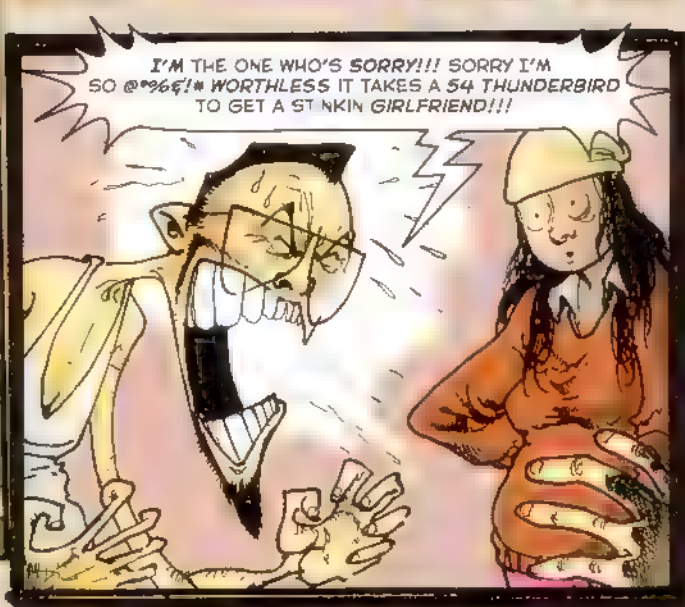
ANNIE DOESN'T  
KNOW WHAT SHE  
WANTS,... NEITHER DO  
I . I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT ELSE TO  
DO BUT SAY,

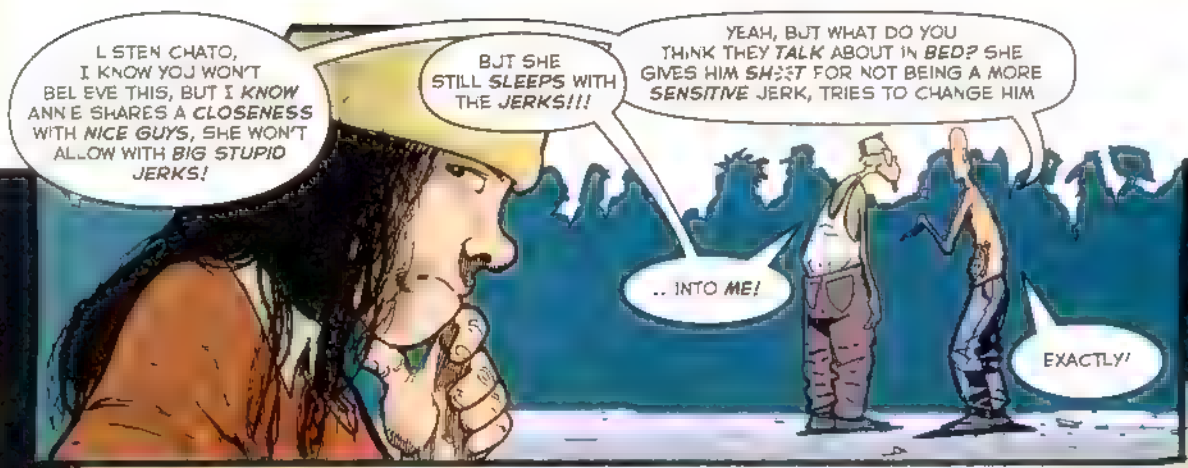
I'M SORRY

YEAH  
HE'S...

JUST STOP  
SAYING YOU'RE "SORRY."  
IF YOU'RE SORRY, YOU  
WOULDN'T'VE...

I'M THE ONE WHO'S SORRY!!! SORRY I'M  
SO @\*%&!\* WORTHLESS IT TAKES A 54 THUNDERBIRD  
TO GET A ST N KIN GIRLFRIEND!!!





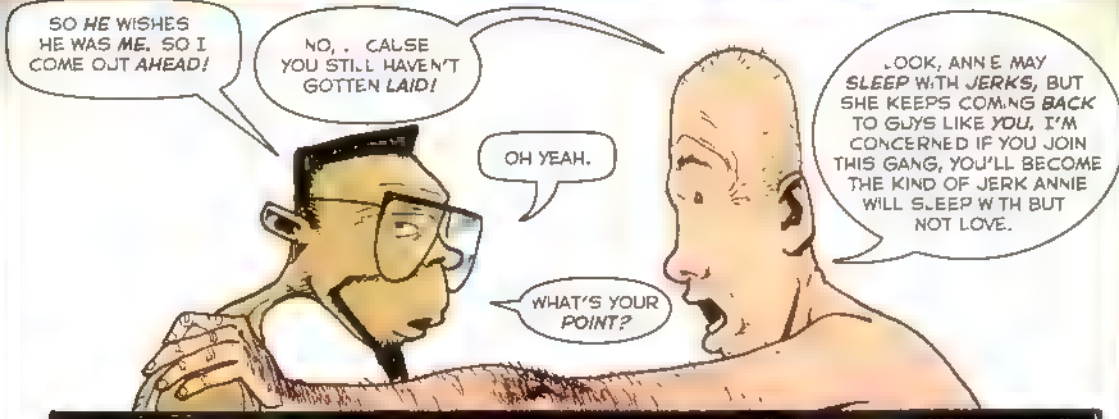
LISTEN CHATO, I KNOW YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS, BUT I KNOW ANNE SHARES A CLOSENESS WITH NICE GUYS, SHE WON'T ALLOW WITH BIG STUPID JERKS!

BUT SHE STILL SLEEPS WITH THE JERKS!!!

YEAH, BUT WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY TALK ABOUT IN BED? SHE GIVES HIM SH#%T FOR NOT BEING A MORE SENSITIVE JERK, TRIES TO CHANGE HIM

... INTO ME!

EXACTLY!



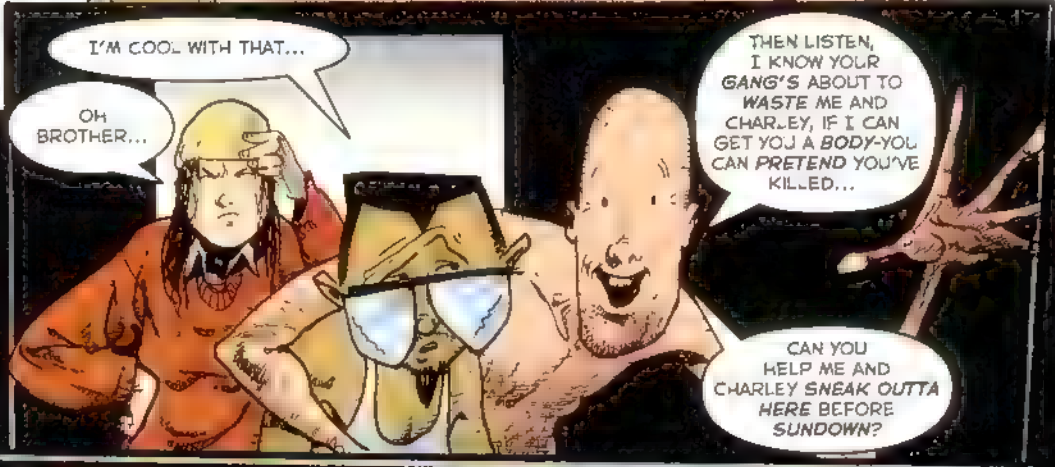
SO HE WISHES HE WAS ME, SO I COME OUT AHEAD!

NO, 'CAUSE YOU STILL HAVEN'T GOTTEN LAID!

OH YEAH.

WHAT'S YOUR POINT?

LOOK, ANNE MAY SLEEP WITH JERKS, BUT SHE KEEPS COMING BACK TO GUYS LIKE YOU, I'M CONCERNED IF YOU JOIN THIS GANG, YOU'LL BECOME THE KIND OF JERK ANNE WILL SLEEP WITH BUT NOT LOVE.

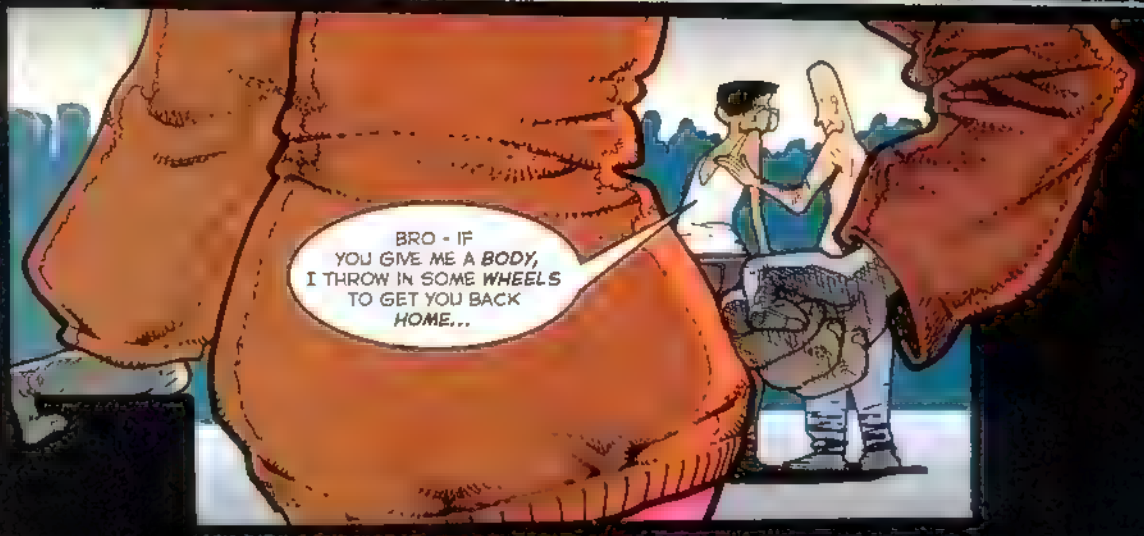


I'M COOL WITH THAT...

OH BROTHER...

THEN LISTEN, I KNOW YOUR GANG'S ABOUT TO WASTE ME AND CHARLEY, IF I CAN GET YOU A BODY-YOU CAN PRETEND YOU'VE KILLED...

CAN YOU HELP ME AND CHARLEY SNEAK OUTTA HERE BEFORE SUNDOWN?



BRO - IF YOU GIVE ME A BODY, I THROW IN SOME WHEELS TO GET YOU BACK HOME...

C'MON LET  
ME SEE.

HOLD ON,  
NOW YOU  
SURE IT  
DOESN'T HAVE  
TO BE A NEW  
BODY, RIGHT  
SWEETIE? I  
JUST WANNA  
PREPARE  
YOU...

YEAH  
YEAH, SURE.  
JUST LEMME.

SO  
WADDYA  
TH NK?

WELL MAYBE  
THE GUY WAS REAL  
SICK WHEN CHATO  
KILLED 'IM. THINK  
THEY'LL BUY IT?

SURE HE  
WAS DECOMPOSING AS  
CHATO PULLED OUT HIS  
SWITCH BLADE

THIS WILL  
NEVER WORK  
ABORT, ABORT

DON'T STOP  
NOW, I WANNA SEE  
IF YOU PULL THIS WHOLE  
THING OFF! EACH HOUR  
YOU STAY ALIVE  
AMAZES ME!

ARE YOU OKAY?

THE SMELL  
IT REMINDS ME OF  
THE TRUNK .

WELL DON'T  
BARF NOW,  
WAIT UNTIL  
HE BITES

SO HOW  
'BOUT IT BOSS?

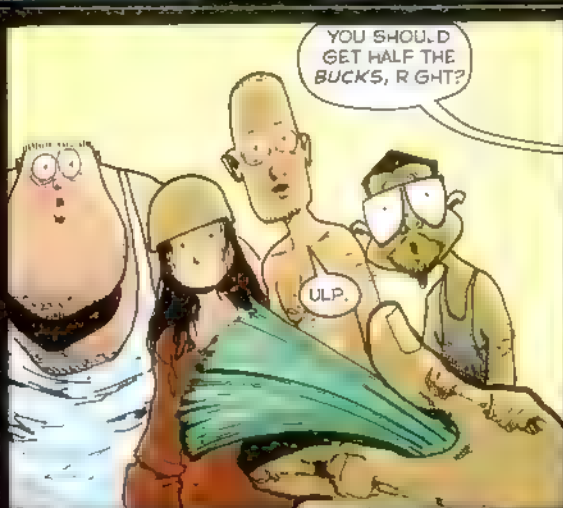
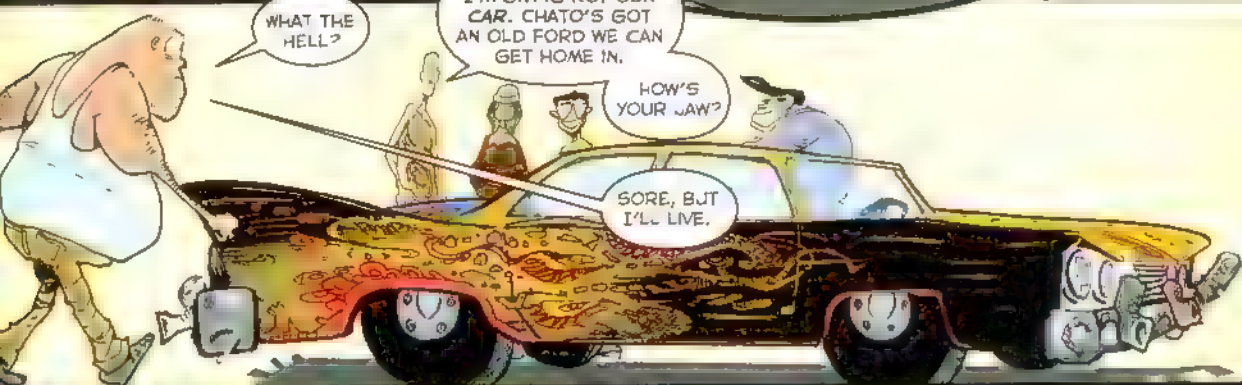
COOL.

IRA'S GOT  
CAHOONAS! I  
COULD NEVER  
DO A GUY  
LIKE THAT.

CHOK

HONK!

OKAY IRA,  
GO FOR T



THE JOURNEY'S END IS AT HAND. I HAVE COMPLETED THE THREE TRIALS OF MANHOOD, THE THREE PEES. I'VE RID THE BODY OF THE PROVERBIAL BAG OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS OR THE TRUNK. I'VE SAVED MY AND CHARLEY'S BUTTS AND MADE MONEY TO BOOT. TODAY I AM A MAN.

FOR THESE ALONE DO NOT A MAN MAKE, NAY THEY ARE BJT WORLDLY TRIFLES. 'TIS NOT FOR THE WORLD I DO THESE DEEDS. 'TIS MYSELF YES

WILL YOU SHUT-UP ALREADY AND GET IN THE CAR?!!

ALL THIS TESTOSTERONE! GEEZ!

ALSO I WANNA THANK YOU FOR "HELPING" ME WITH THAT WHOLE "BRICK THING"

GOODBYE EVERYONE THANKS.

BOY, I TELL YA KID, WHEN CHATO CATCHES YOU RED-HANDED BOINKING HIS GIRL, YOU GOT THE BALLS TO TALK HIM INTO HELPING US LOSE A BODY AND G T OUTTA TOWN- AND IT WORKS! I KNEW THAT MOUTH OF YOLRS HAD TO BE GOOD FOR SOMETHING!

HEY, DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND...

BOOOFF!!

OKAY, I WON'T.

# HOME AT LAST...

BOY CHARLEY,  
I DON'T REMEMBER  
THE FARM LOOKING  
SO RUN DOWN

WELL, ..SOME BIG  
CORPORATIONS ARE BUYIN'  
LAND AND EQUIPMENT DIRT  
CHEAP FROM A LOT OF  
DESPERATE FARMERS

YEAH, BUT WE'RE OKAY, RIGHT?

...RIGHT ...  
CHARLEY...?

HERE WE  
ARE! BET YOU  
HAVEN'T SEEN DAD  
IN A WHILE.

NOPE, HOW IS  
OL' GRAMPS?

CRABBY  
AS EVER!

NEVER COULD  
STAND ME, BUT  
I'LL BET HE'LL  
BE GLAD TO  
SEE YOU.

THAT'S NOT TRUE...

YEAH, WELL...  
ANYWAYS...

HE GOT A  
STUPID TATTOO  
LIKE THE "BUM"  
OVER THERE!

DAD...

HOW ARE  
YOU, KID?

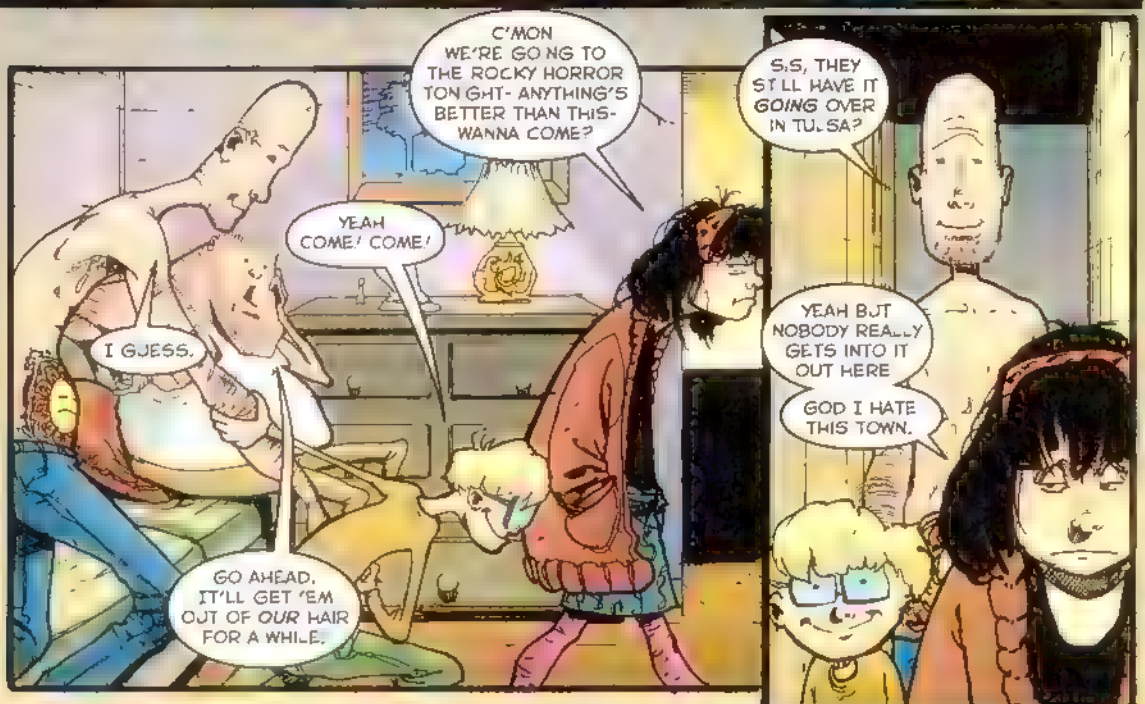
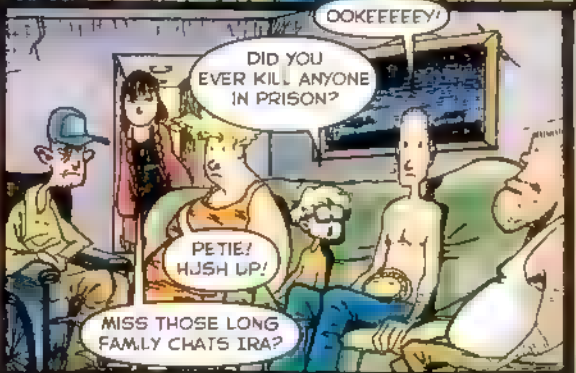
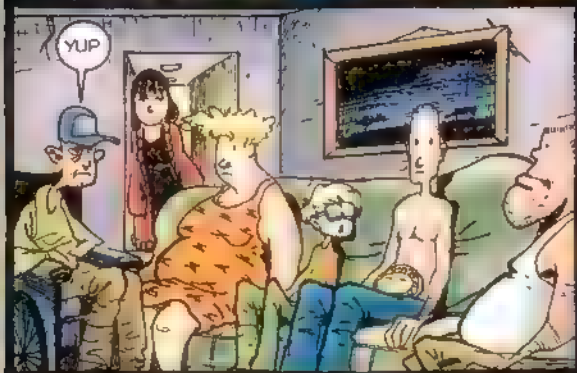
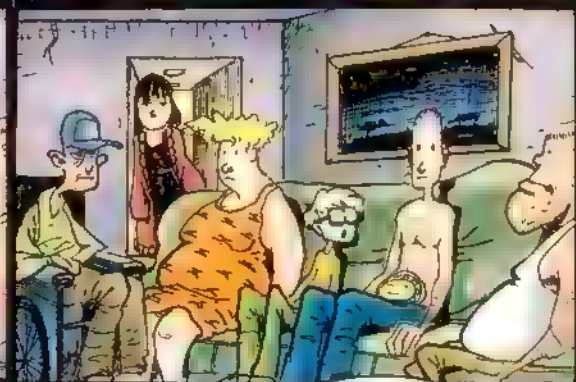
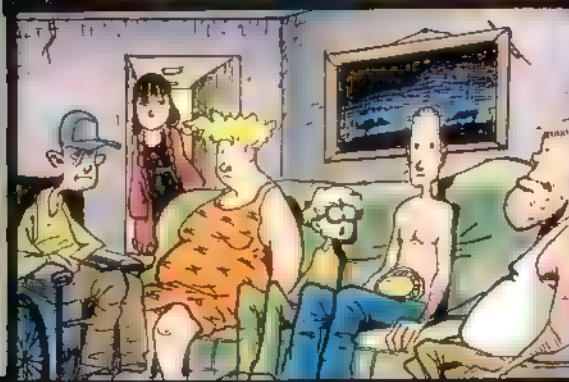
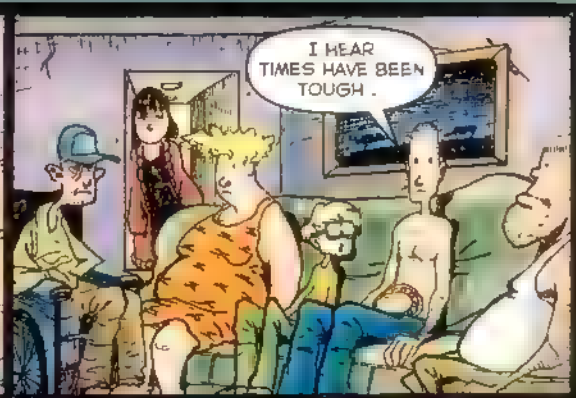
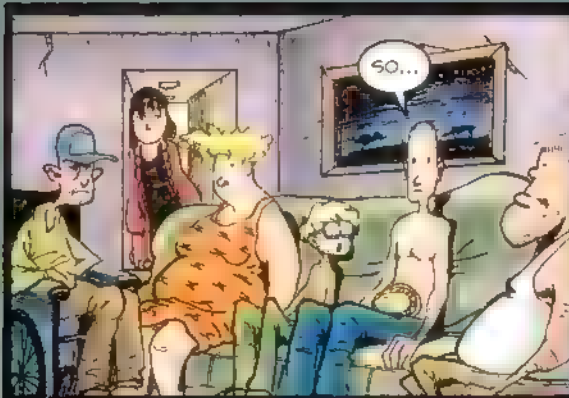
OKAY.

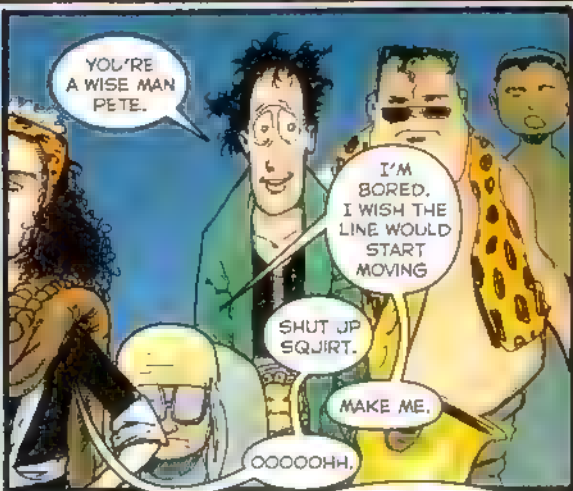
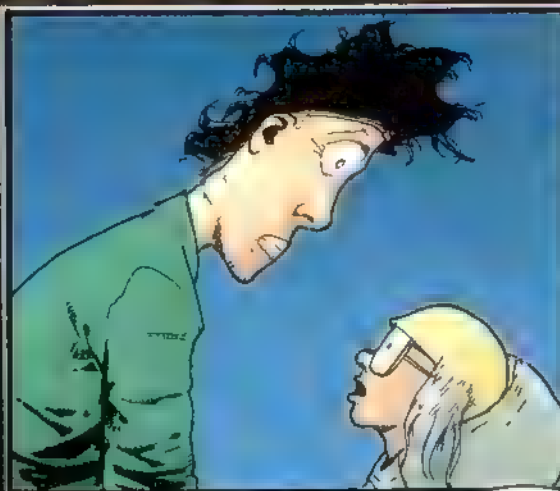
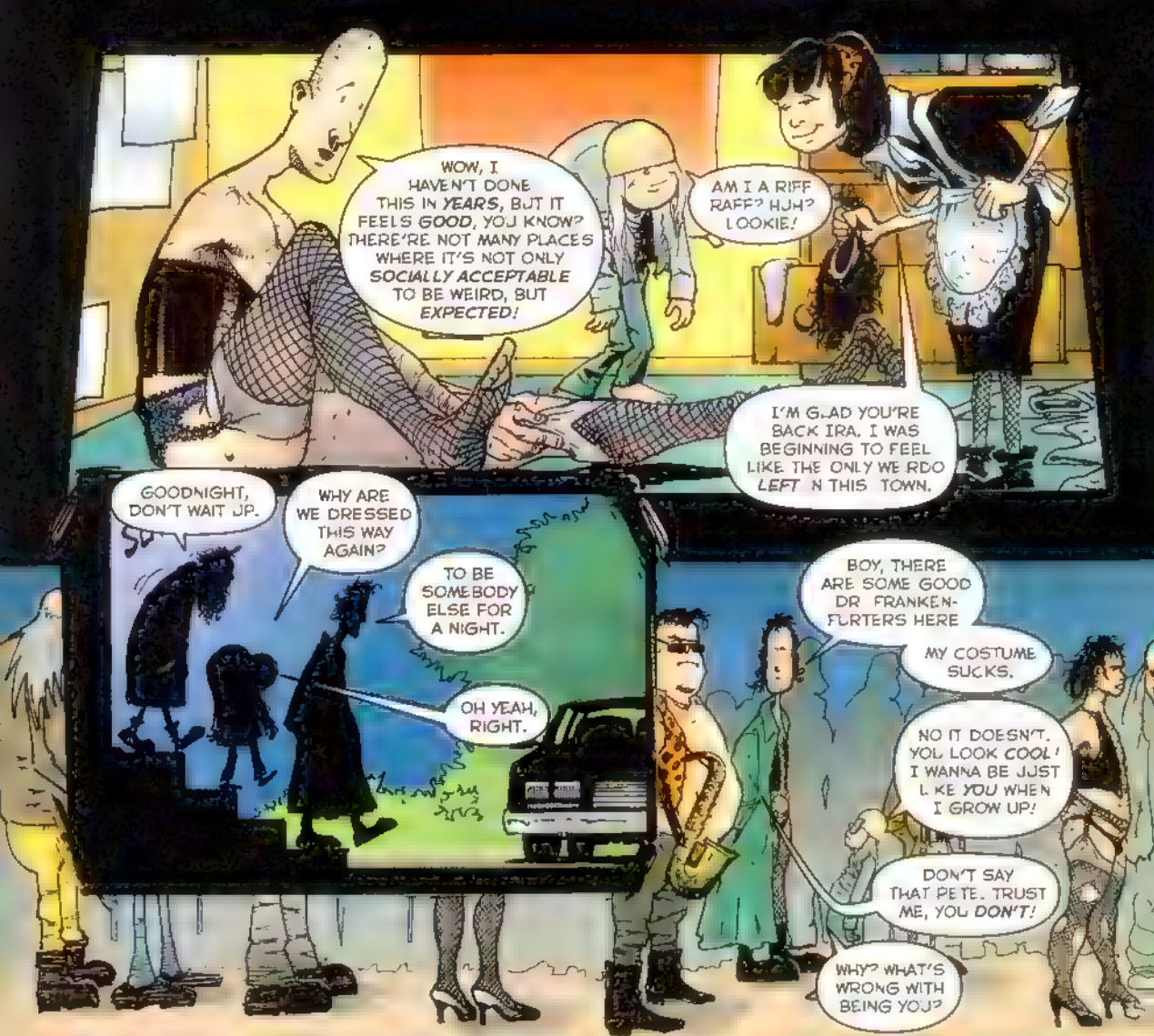
THE JOINT  
MAKE A MAN  
OF YA?

NO BUT  
THE RIDE BACK  
MAY HAVE ..

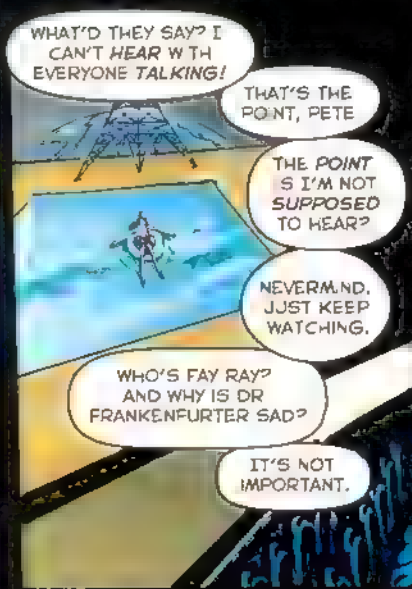
HEY EVERYBODY!  
WE'RE BACK!

WELL COME  
ON IN. GOODNESS,  
WHAT ON EARTH IS  
THAT DREADFUL  
THING?









WHAT'D THEY SAY? I CAN'T HEAR WITH EVERYONE TALKING!

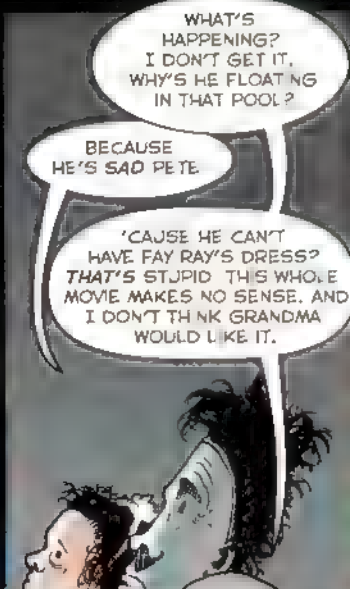
THAT'S THE POINT, PETE

THE POINT IS I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO HEAR?

NEVERMIND. JUST KEEP WATCHING.

WHO'S FAY RAY? AND WHY IS DR FRANKENFURTER SAD?

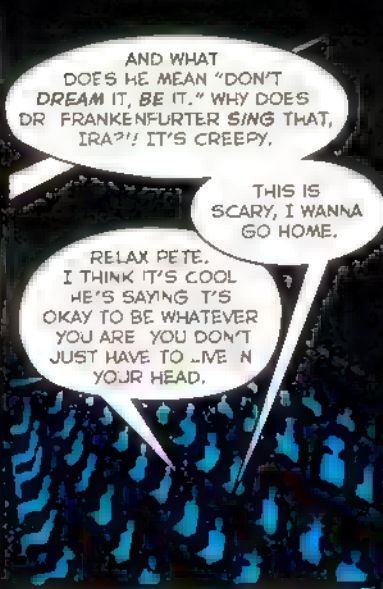
IT'S NOT IMPORTANT.



WHAT'S HAPPENING? I DON'T GET IT. WHY'S HE FLOATING IN THAT POOL?

BECAUSE HE'S SAD PETE

'CAUSE HE CAN'T HAVE FAY RAY'S DRESS? THAT'S STUPID. THIS WHOLE MOVIE MAKES NO SENSE. AND I DON'T THINK GRANDMA WOULD LIKE IT.



AND WHAT DOES HE MEAN "DON'T DREAM IT, BE IT." WHY DOES DR FRANKENFURTER SING THAT, IRA?!! IT'S CREEPY.

THIS IS SCARY, I WANNA GO HOME.

RELAX PETE. I THINK IT'S COOL HE'S SAYING IT'S OKAY TO BE WHATEVER YOU ARE. YOU DON'T JUST HAVE TO LIVE IN YOUR HEAD.



OKAY NOW I'M BORED. WHEN DOES THIS THING END?

IRA, TELL THAT BRAT TO SHUT UP OR I'LL...

PETE, SHUT UP OR SHE'LL...



PETE, EVERYTHING'S SUDDENLY CLEAR...

IT'S ALL SO... SIMPLE. YET IMPOSSIBLE.



WHAT IS? THE MOVIE?

NO PETE. YOU. ME. EVERYTHING. ALL OF IT. SO SIMPLE!



IRA, WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?

I'M NOT SURE I CAN PUT IT INTO WORDS PETE.



WORDS ARE.... USELESS.

DR. FRANKENFURTER  
MAKES YOU FEEL THIS WAY?

NOW IT'S NOT  
ABOUT THIS DUMB MOVIE  
PETE. DON'T YOU SEE?

I'LL NEVER  
CHANGE! I'LL  
LIVE OUT THE  
REST OF MY LIFE  
A F\*CKED UP  
LOSER.

SOB  
SNIFF

DON'T SAY  
THAT YOU'RE  
NOT A LOSER.

BUT  
PETE,  
IT'S OKAY  
IF I AM.

AND THANK GOD  
FOR IT PETE. ABSOLUTION  
SELF ABSOLUTION

ARE YOU  
OKAY? YOU'RE  
SCARING  
ME...



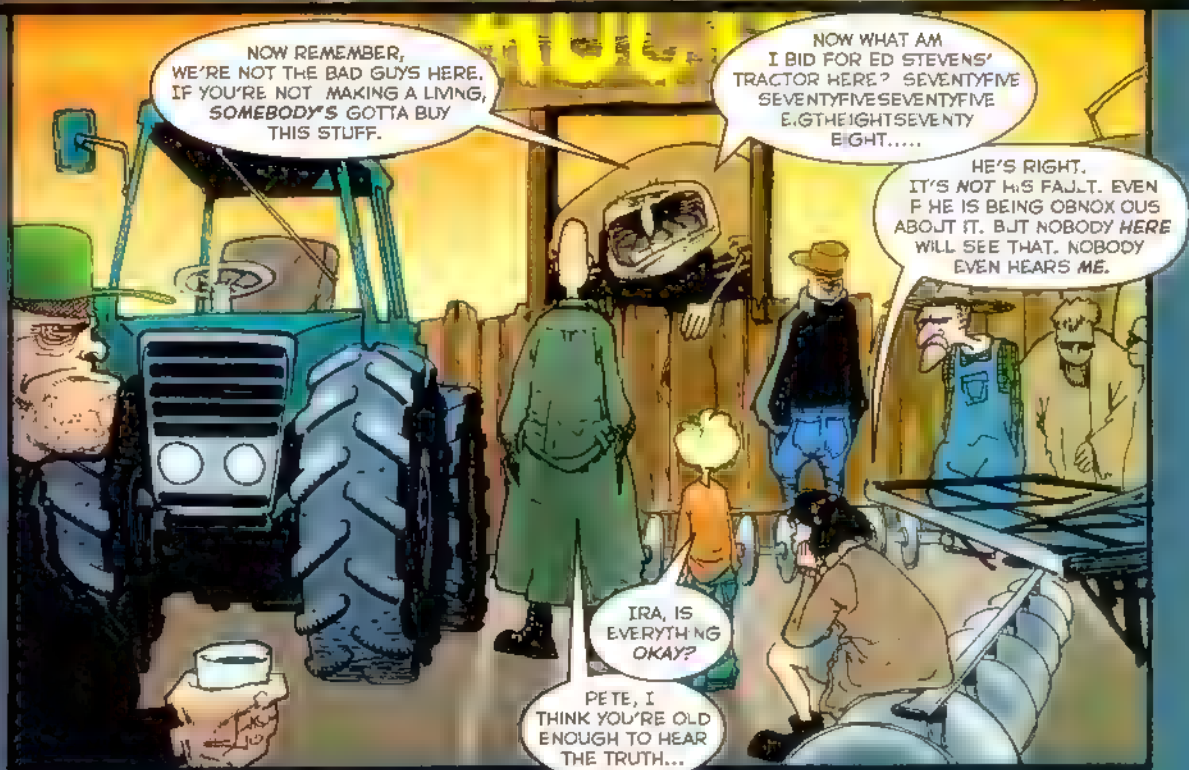
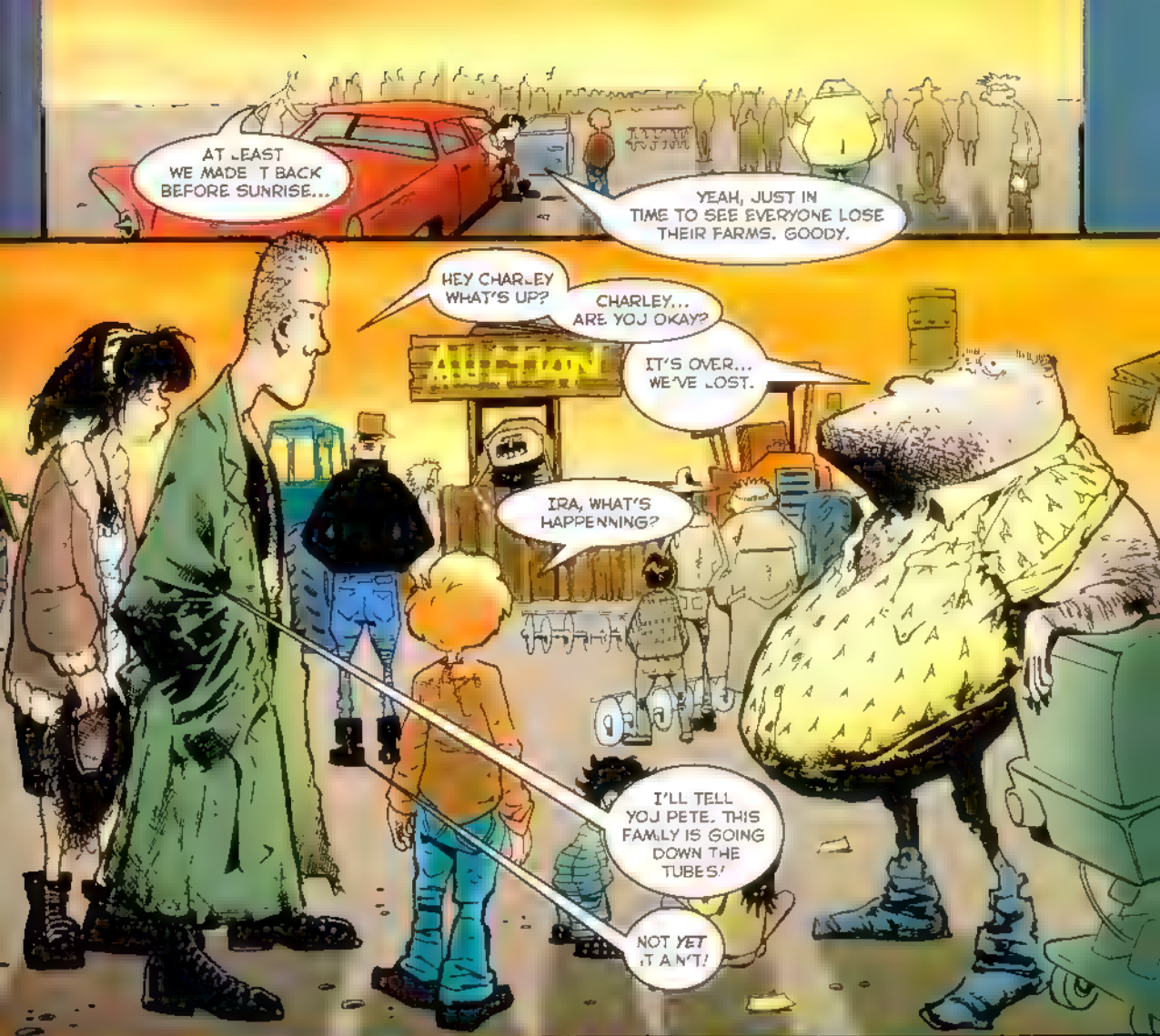
WELL I AM.  
YOU SOUND LIKE  
YOU'RE BONKERS

THEY'RE NOT  
HOME. I BET THEY  
GOT UP EARLY TO GO  
TO THE AUCTION.

LET'S MEET  
'EM THERE.

WELL THAT  
SUCKED, THE  
MOVIE WAS LESS  
IMPORTANT THAN  
THE PEOPLE.

IMAGINE THAT.



... NO.

IT'S ALL  
YOUR OWN FAULTS.  
DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT  
- I'M ONE OF YOU'

THEN WHAT'RE  
YOU DOIN' UP THERE JEB?

I'M HELPIN' YOU.  
BEHIND THIS FENCE THERE'S  
A STACK OF APPLICAT ONS. AT  
LEAST WHEN FARMING RUNS OUT  
YOU'LL ALL HAVE JOBS  
WORKING FOR  
JPPYER CORP!

YEAH, WORKING  
FOR THE SAME FARM  
WE USED TO OWN,  
PEA BRAIN

SOB  
SNIF

WHO SAID  
THAT? I'LL REMEMBER  
YOU, WHEN YOU COME  
CRAWLIN' BACK  
FOR A JOB!

GRAMPS?

DADDY,  
I'M SORRY...

DON'T WORRY,  
I AINT NEVER  
WORKIN' FOR...

COURSE YA  
WILL, YOU BUM...  
WE ALL WILL...  
STOP BAWLIN'!

GRAMPS,  
TAKE IT  
EASY.

IT'S OVER ..  
ALL ME AND CHARLEY'S  
HARD WORK FOR  
NOTHIN

IRA C'MERE.  
EVERYTHING'S GOIN'  
TO HELL. YOU'RE THE ONLY  
ONE I CAN RELY ON!

NO, YOU'VE  
GOT CHARLEY.  
HE'S THE ONE  
WHO HELPED  
YOU BUILD  
TH'S FARM.



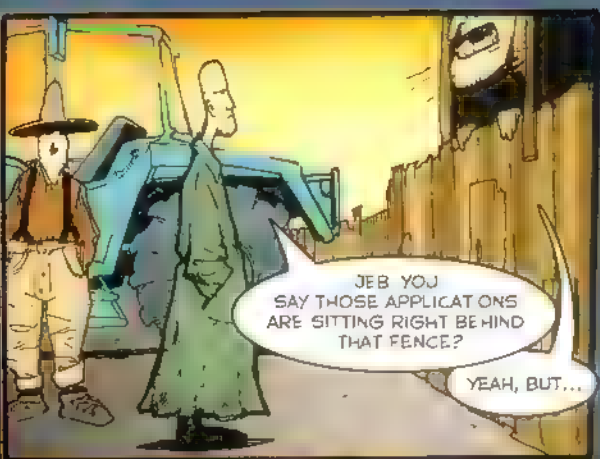
HE'S WEAK IRA. AND I'M TIRED...

NO, IT'S YOU. LISTEN I WANT YOU TO. PSSSS PSSSS PSSSS...

BUT GRAMPS, WHAT'LL THAT PROVE?

NOT A GODDAMNED THING.

I'LL DO IT.

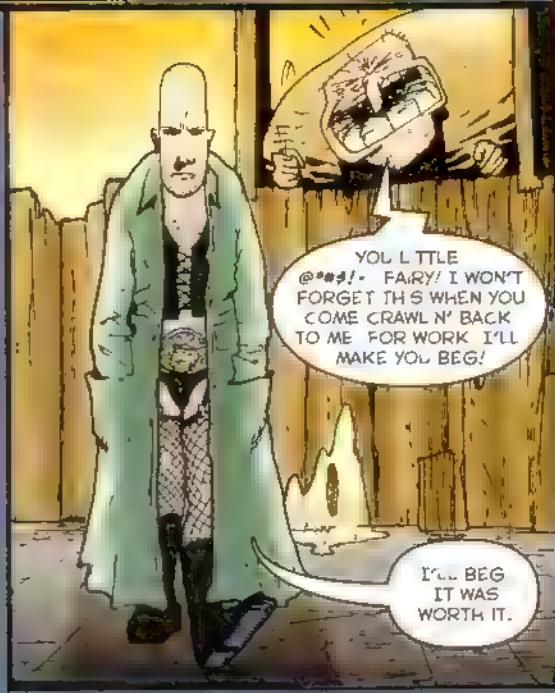


JEB YOU SAY THOSE APPLICAT ONS ARE SITTING RIGHT BEHIND THAT FENCE?

YEAH, BUT...

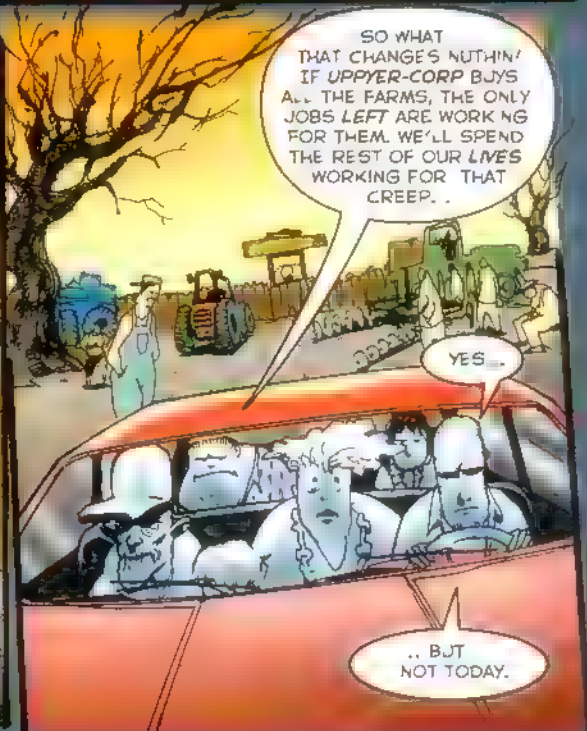


RIGHT ABOUT HERE?



YOU L TLE @###!- FAIRY! I WON'T FORGET TH'S WHEN YOU COME CRAWL N' BACK TO ME FOR WORK I'LL MAKE YOU BEG!

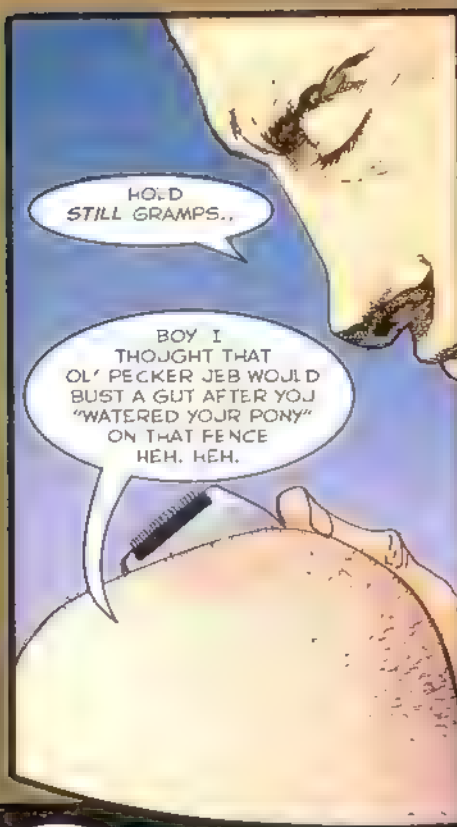
I'LL BEG IT WAS WORTH IT.



SO WHAT THAT CHANGES NUTHIN! IF UPPYER-CORP BUYS ALL THE FARMS, THE ONLY JOBS LEFT ARE WORK NG FOR THEM. WE'LL SPEND THE REST OF OUR LIVES WORKING FOR THAT CREEP..

YES...

.. BJT NOT TODAY.



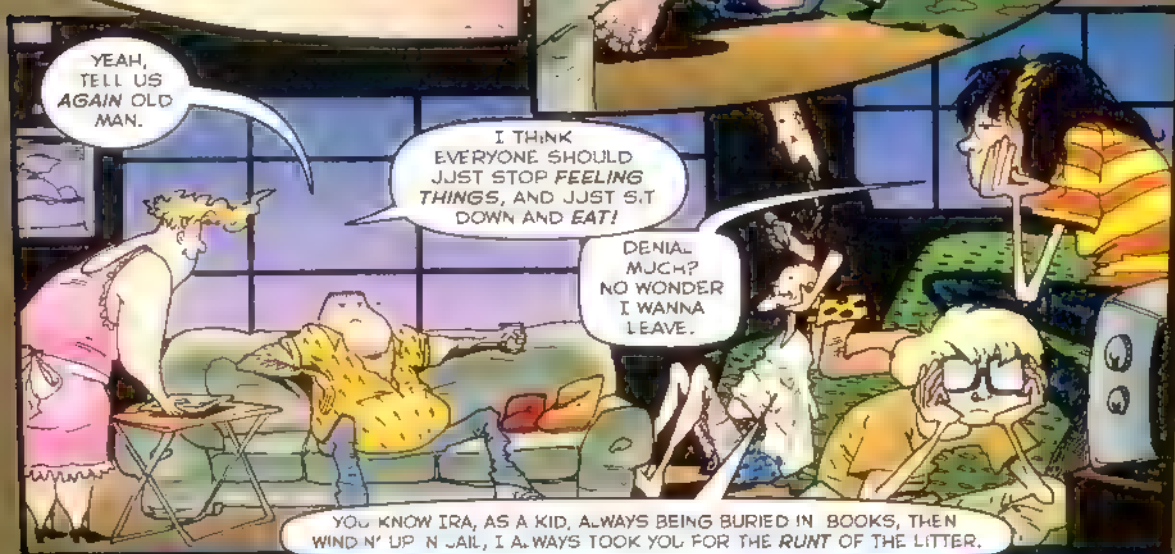
HOLD  
STILL GRAMPS..

BOY I  
THOUGHT THAT  
OL' PECKER JEB WOULD  
BUST A GUT AFTER YOU  
"WATERED YOUR PONY"  
ON THAT FENCE  
HEH. HEH.



WELL IT WAS  
YOU THAT TOLD ME  
TO. BES DES, WHILE  
WE WERE OUT FOOLING  
AROUND, AT LEAST  
CHARLEY STOOD  
BY YOU.

BOY,  
NOBODY'LL FORGET  
THIS DAY. EVERYBODY'LL  
REMEMBER THE DAY MY  
OWN GRANDSON STOOD  
UP FOR HIS OL' GRAMPS!  
RIGHT CHARLEY?



YEAH,  
TELL US  
AGAIN OLD  
MAN.

I THINK  
EVERYONE SHOULD  
JUST STOP FEELING  
THINGS, AND JUST S.T  
DOWN AND EAT!

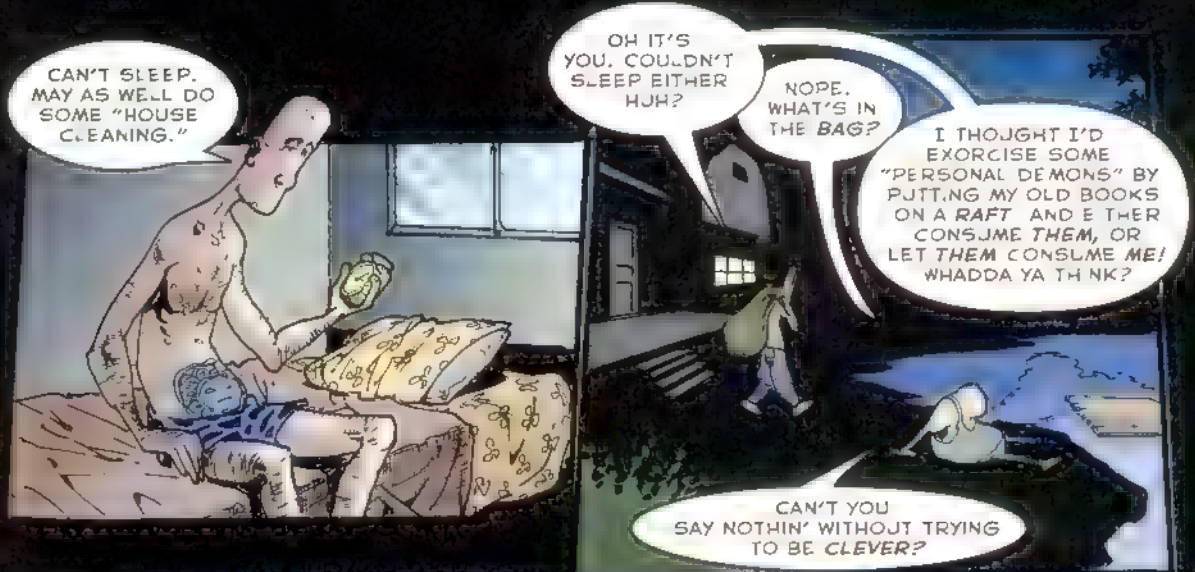
DENIAL  
MUCH?  
NO WONDER  
I WANNA  
LEAVE.

YOU KNOW IRA, AS A KID, ALWAYS BEING BURIED IN BOOKS, THEN  
WIND N' UP N JAIL, I ALWAYS TOOK YOU FOR THE RUNT OF THE LITTER.



BUT WERE  
YOU WRONG?

NAW, I WAS RIGHT,  
YER JUST A FEISTY  
RJUNT NOW.



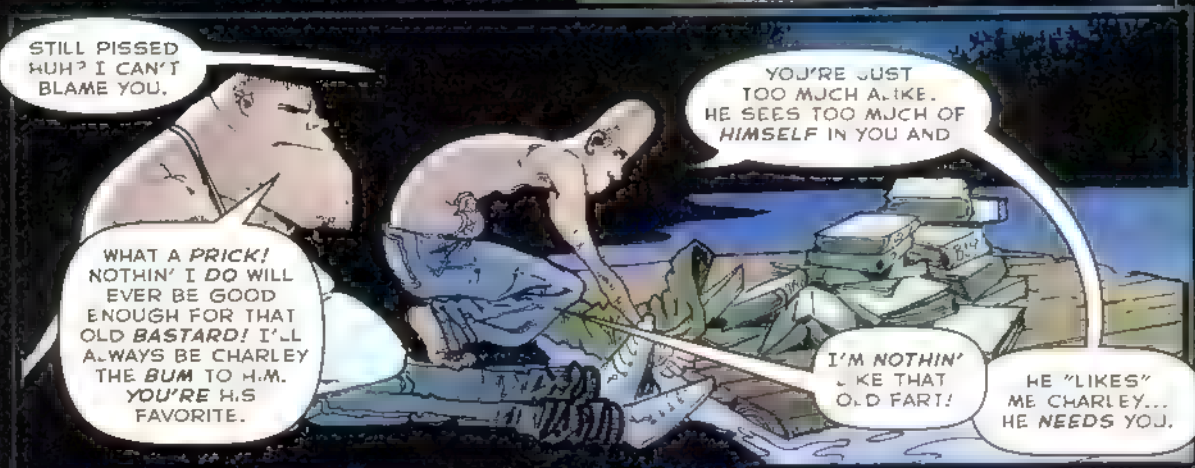
CAN'T SLEEP.  
MAY AS WELL DO  
SOME "HOUSE  
CLEANING."

OH IT'S  
YOU. COULDN'T  
SLEEP EITHER  
HJH?

NOPE.  
WHAT'S IN  
THE BAG?

I THOUGHT I'D  
EXORCISE SOME  
"PERSONAL DEMONS" BY  
PUTTING MY OLD BOOKS  
ON A RAFT AND LET THEM  
CONSUME THEM, OR  
LET THEM CONSUME ME!  
WHADDA YA TH NK?

CAN'T YOU  
SAY NOTHIN' WITHOUT TRYING  
TO BE CLEVER?



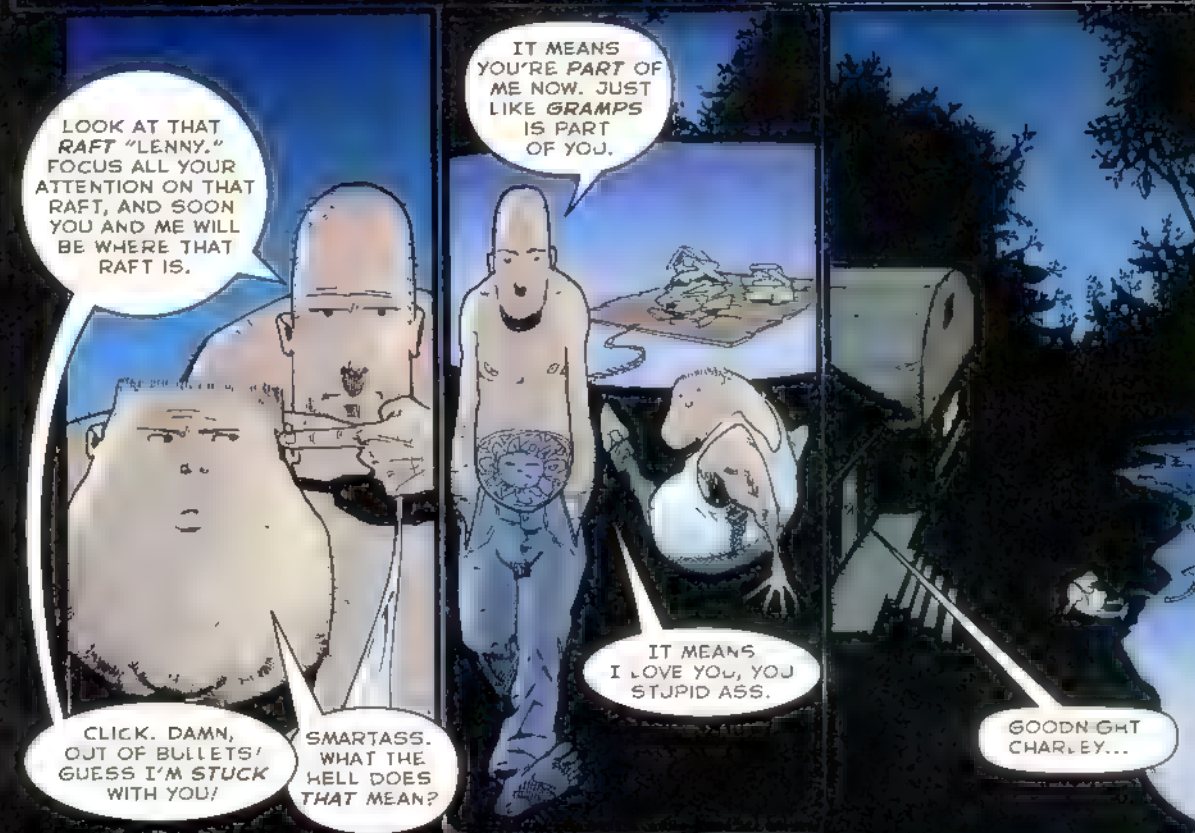
STILL PISSED  
HUH? I CAN'T  
BLAME YOU.

WHAT A PRICK!  
NOTHIN' I DO WILL  
EVER BE GOOD  
ENOUGH FOR THAT  
OLD BASTARD! I'LL  
ALWAYS BE CHARLEY  
THE BUM TO H.M.  
YOU'RE HIS  
FAVORITE.

YOU'RE JUST  
TOO MUCH ALIKE.  
HE SEES TOO MUCH OF  
HIMSELF IN YOU AND

I'M NOTHIN'  
LIKE THAT  
OLD FART!

HE "LIKES"  
ME CHARLEY...  
HE NEEDS YOU.



LOOK AT THAT  
RAFT "LENNY."  
FOCUS ALL YOUR  
ATTENTION ON THAT  
RAFT, AND SOON  
YOU AND ME WILL  
BE WHERE THAT  
RAFT IS.

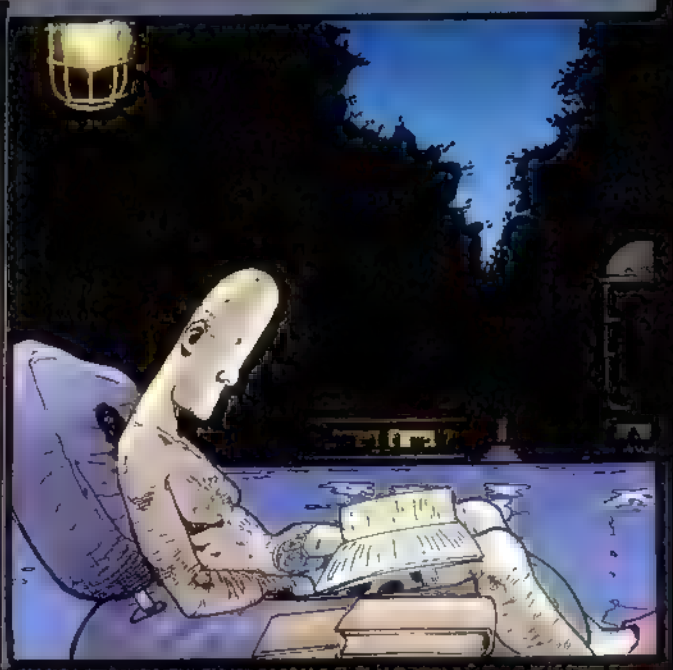
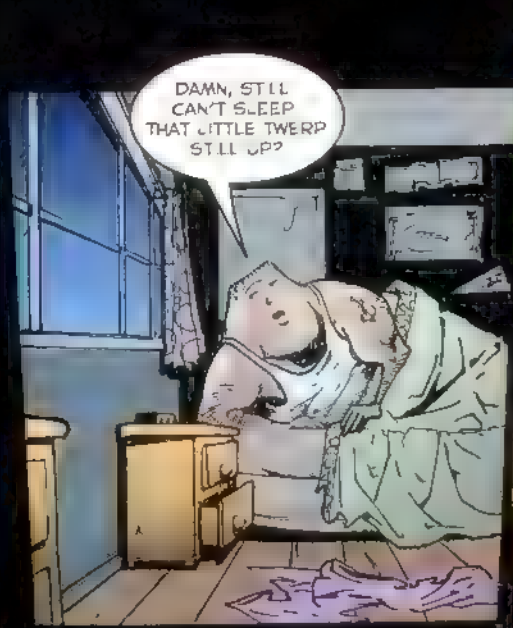
IT MEANS  
YOU'RE PART OF  
ME NOW. JUST  
LIKE GRAMPS  
IS PART  
OF YOU.

IT MEANS  
I LOVE YOU, YOU  
STUPID ASS.

CLICK. DAMN,  
OUT OF BULLETS!  
GUESS I'M STUCK  
WITH YOU!

SMARTASS.  
WHAT THE  
HELL DOES  
THAT MEAN?

GOODNIGHT  
CHARLEY...



"... SUDDENLY, THE PRINCE  
HEARD A STRANGE  
SNORTING SOUND."



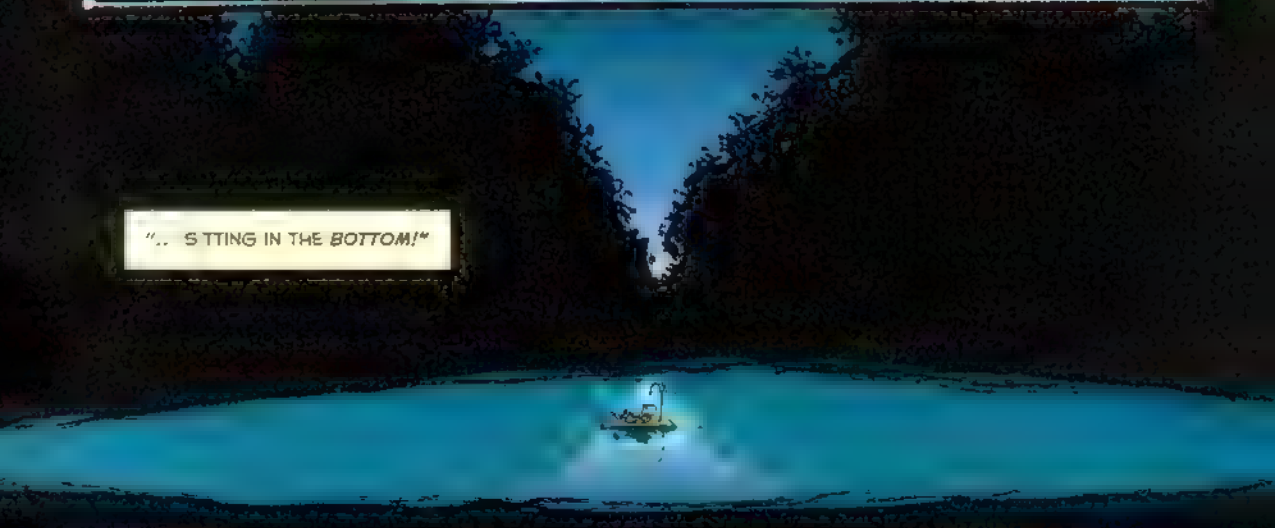
"HE WALKED OVER  
TO A DEEP PIT..."



"... AND FOUND  
A WILD BOAR..."



"... SITTING IN THE BOTTOM!"



"THE BOAR WAS A  
MAGIC BOAR AND SAID..."

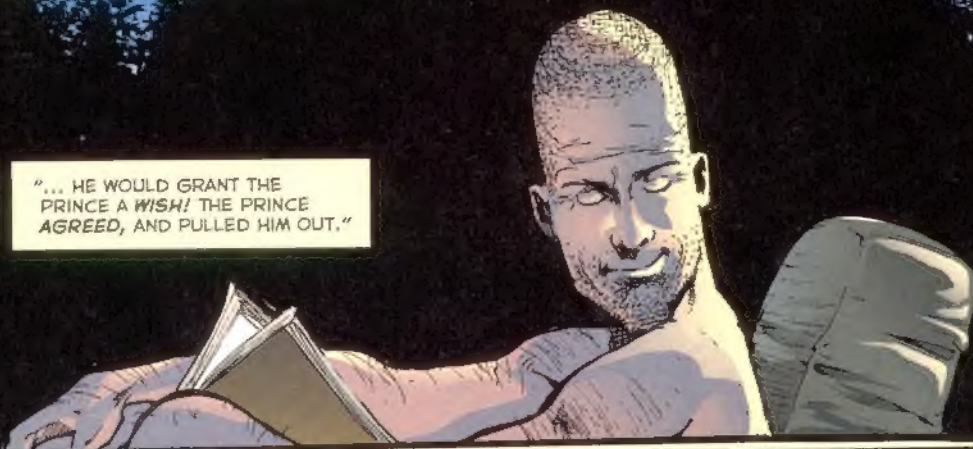


"IF THE PRINCE WOULD  
FASHION A ROPE FROM  
SOME VINES..."



"... AND PULL HIM OUT..."

"... HE WOULD GRANT THE  
PRINCE A *WISH*! THE PRINCE  
AGREED, AND PULLED HIM OUT."



"THE MAGIC BOAR THEN  
ASKED THE PRINCE'S WISH,  
AND THE PRINCE TOLD HIS  
TALE OF WOE, AND OF LOSING  
HIS REFLECTION."



"THE BOAR LAUGHED,  
SAYING HOW LUCKY THE  
PRINCE WAS. EVERYMAN HAS  
A MAIDEN, ONLY MOST  
WOULD NEVER SEE HER."



"...THAT YOU SEE  
YOURS IS A GIFT,  
BUT SHE IS SICK"

"TO HEAL HER,  
YOU MUST KNEEL  
DOWN AND KISS  
YOUR MAIDEN'S  
RELECTION."



"THE RIPPLES  
WILL DISSOLVE..."



"... TURNING THE  
SAD MAIDEN..."



"... INTO A  
PEACEFUL PRINCESS."



"AND WHEN EVER  
YOU LOSE YOUR WAY..."



"... SHE WILL  
GUIDE YOU HOME."



# HEADlines

Send letters to: "HEADlines" 4363 Hazel Avenue, Suite 1-285,  
Fair Oaks, California, 95628 (nghtime@aol.com).

**T**hanks to all who sent in  
euphemisms for The Nasty and  
The Nasty Body Parts, especially  
Elon Bartlett and Jen M., who are  
sick puppies indeed.

Sam & Co.,

Hi everybody. To confirm your suspicions, FOM #2 did indeed open up a can of wriggling, putrid worms. I am constantly debating this issue with my male friends, and unfortunately they now have your written documentation to fall back on. Crap! Men seem to have this idea that all women are like Annie and Reebie, when in fact, there is only a small minority of females who actually seek out money, muscles, and machismo. Then you guys get all defensive and try to act like this is what every girl wants. Sorry, wrong answer. I think most women just want someone who makes us laugh and cares about who we are—the rest takes care of itself.

Women are attracted to the innate qualities that define a man—the sexy "maleness" that is a natural consequence of being a man, as opposed to the extremely transparent posturing and bluffing many guys use to "impress" women. Those are the guys who eventually meet up with the aforementioned Queen Bitch prototype and live happily ever after. In the real world, you fall down a lot before you learn to walk. And the more advanced the mode of transportation (running, skating, biking, driving), the more chances there are to crash and burn. Get it? It takes a lot of crap to get to where you're supposed to be, but you learn from it instead of getting pissed off.

Whatever. I think you need to follow up on Mike's suggestion (editorial in HEADlines #2) and get a female to spill her guys about what we think men want. I think women have the same problems, but we're up against the celluloid fantasy (svelte, sensuous, sleazy, blonde with clear blue eyes and perky double D's) as opposed to the macho man. Pain in the ass. How does this species ever procreate?!

One last thing—I just wanted to say that FOM is quite capable of standing on its own laurels—all this emotional crap is deliciously exciting. What about a contest to re-name FOM? (Maxx's Marvelous Emporium of the Misogynistic and Macabre—just kidding.).

Thanks for the brain candy,  
Jen M.  
Boston, MA

P.S. You guys are my heroes, for writing and illustrating the most intense, direct, stimulating (!!!) and twisted comic in the industry. And thanks for printing my poem about the exploding fairies so long ago. It was neat to see it!

Dear Sam,

When I found FOM #2 in my local comic store, I wasn't quite sure what it was going to be like, not being able to flick through the book. I bought it on the faith I have in you after The Maxx, even though I'm still trying to get hold of some of those issues, as being a British fan it is difficult to get hold of pretty much anything. The Maxx was an amazing series of books which I related to a great deal over the last couple of years. As a girl, it was surprising to my friends that I would buy comics and ordinarily I wouldn't, but after seeing the "Oddities" series when I was in Delaware three summers ago, I became addicted. Now FOM was introduced and, true to form, it is easy to relate to. It was difficult to get into at first read, simply because I didn't know what to expect, but by the end of the book, I was as hooked as I was with The Maxx itself! Congratulations, it's a definite hit!

Well, I hope hearing from a British fan helps you to realize how popular your work is.

Yours,  
Emma Rankin  
Wirral, England

Dear Mr. Kieth,

When I bought Issue #2 of FOM, it was originally just to get your address, but let me tell you that it was great. Of course I had to read it, it was staring me in the face and calling out "Read me." Your ability to make Charley and Ira so human amazes me. And, not unlike everyone else who has reacted to this book, I too found some similarities between the two of them and myself.

Devoted Maxxhead,  
Michael J. Prescott  
Kings Park, NY

Dear Sam Kieth,

I just got done reading FOM #2 and I found it insanely good. By that I mean, it was so good, it was crazy. The battle between the liberal and conservative minds of Ira and Charley was great. Also, I liked the little sexual contest between the two. Your comic is the most original and most ass-kicking comic book of all time. One thing that makes The Maxx so good is that I can relate to a lot of the characters who have such sh\*\*\*y lives. Thank you Sam Kieth for creating the only thing I ever read.

Somewhat sanely yours,  
Clint Gold  
Kirkland, WA

Dear HEADlines,

FOM has quickly become my preferred reading over The Maxx, although The Maxx #26 and 27 both left me speechless. Comics for "more mature readers" are feeling like fine, thought-provoking literature, with fine, thought-provoking art along for the incredible

ride. Thank you for your honesty.

By the way, Chris Gennaro was absolutely right that FOM can stand on its own, and that it could use its own title.

Sincerely,  
Elon Bartlett  
Santa Cruz, CA

**This next letter is from the guy who thought up "HEADlines" as the title for the letter column. Thanks, guy.**

Dear Mr. Kieth,

I must admit, I looked to see what the letter column was titled before I read the story. I truly appreciate your use of my suggestion.

FOM #2 quite simply blew me away. Intelligent examination of the concept of "manliness" often disintegrates into simple conceptualizations like Charlie and Ira's bird vs. buffalo. I believe that "real" manliness lies somewhere in-between.

Have you ever heard the saying, "You're not what you think you are. You're not what others think you are. You're what you think others think you are." I feel that this definitely applies to Ira and his attempts to forget what happened to him in prison. It applies to most anyone who has been "institutionalized." The institution thinks that you're refuse and, before long, you agree.

Well I could go on and on, and it seems I often do. Thank you for allowing me to share my thoughts with you and, as always, thank you so much for sharing yours with us.

Sincerely,  
Brian R. Dixon  
Upper Marlboro, MD

Mr. Kieth,

Yes, FOM could stand alone as a book. In fact, I wish this title had been around 15 years ago. Maybe then I wouldn't be such an "Ira" today. This is a great book! Not only entertaining, but also cheap, effective therapy.

Thanks,  
Steve Campbell  
Omaha, NE

**The way you use "Ira" as a thing to "become," a kind of insult, reminds me of how difficult it's been for me to have compassion for my male characters—especially somebody as weak and passive as Ira in the beginning of this story. But it looks like he finally found some peace.**

Hi Sam,

I just wrote to say that FOM is my favorite comic now, but I would have to agree with Chris Gennaro. I think this comic needs to stand on its own, and in order to do that I think it needs a new name. May I suggest Sam Kieth Presents?

C-ya later,  
Brandon Aylward  
Simi Valley, CA

Hi Sam,

Wow! In FOM you show an amazing understanding of people's relationships, expressing them so lucidly with your legendary comic skills. I can't express how important your storytelling is to me at this moment!

I'm the good ol' "dreamer" hanging out with the "realist" blokes. Heaps of the tensions in FOM ring bells in my own experiences. When the tire burst in FOM #2, and everyone yelled "SHUT UP!" at Ira, I

remembered people bagging me out for my constant thinking!

It's easy to hate other people's differences. I really respect the way your storytelling shows respect for people's different goals and personalities. Ira made a good choice when he said "I don't agree with everything [Charley] says, but there's something I can learn from him." As a "dreamer," I get angry when people don't give a damn about my visions of "what could be." But when I look at myself realistically, I don't act any different than the people whose lifestyles I criticize! The FOM stories show that individuals usually act similarly to the people (such as the "male race" or "narrowminded") who they scorn. It shows that the things we dislike in others reflect ourselves.

I often read social activist literature encouraging me to challenge other people's ways of living. The problem with this is that it could lead me to having unrealistic dreams—like Dude wanting to live off his art—or being a failed idealogue—like the "feminist" Annie. The lesson being: What the hell is the point in dreaming of a better world if you have to treat people like crap to get there? But fortunately I have also read FOM, which I feel really encourages me to start looking at my own failures and merits, and appreciating those of others.

Being the "dreamer" (or whiner?) that I am, I could waffle for pages. But I must simply and deeply thank you for FOM. Your storytelling is helping me to transform my life, and whether or not you intended this, it means a lot to me.

Thanks,  
Nathan Williams  
Springwood, Blue Mountains,  
Australia

**Thanks for your comments. The problem with a story about real men is that it presumes I know what that is. I don't. And if I try to pretend I do, the audience will sense that I'm preaching, and resist. So I can only share what I've found it not to be (for me at least).**

**Reading a 50-page story is alot easier than writing and drawing it. The fact is, FOM is slowing down Maxx. It takes so long to get FOM out that folks start to wonder where Maxx is. I really appreciate everybody supporting another book, but I just don't have the physical and emotional resources to do two at once. Apparently I have to choose, so I'm choosing to stick with Maxx.**

**I just want to tell stories in one book—my life is starting to feel too compartmentized. So in the future, some Maxx stories will have Maxx characters, and some won't. If you guys will promise to pull behind that book, I promise to give it all I've got.**

**Anyway, like I said, thanks for supporting FOM!!**